

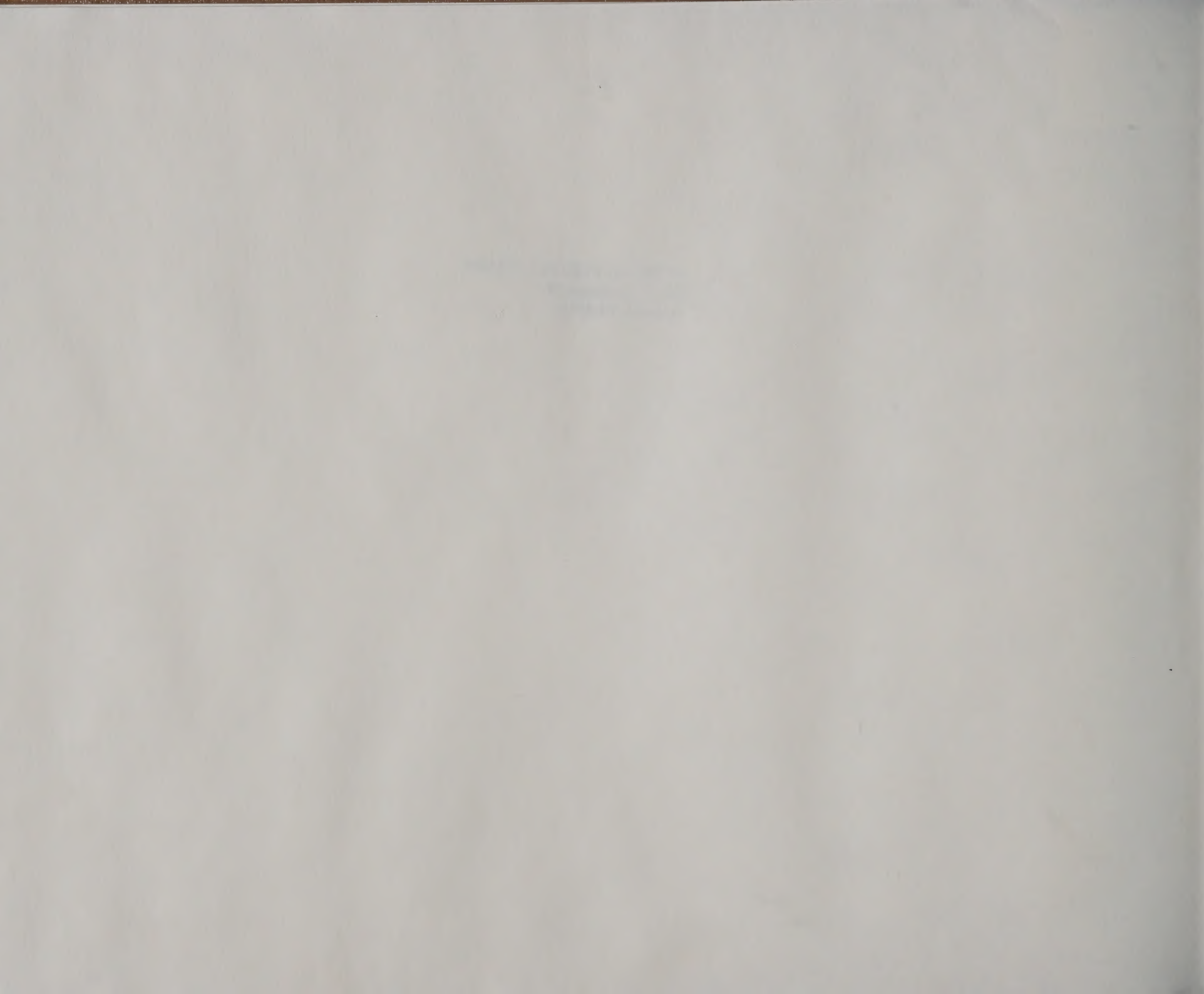
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FAMILY
HISTORY
THOMAS

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This is the story of a family, a very important family, in the
history of this book, because it is not a family, but
a family. There are five people, who are most important
in the history of this book. It is the story of a family
of a family. Thomas, Ethel
Story of a family
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THE STORY OF A FAMILY

AUTHORS

Ethel Thomas

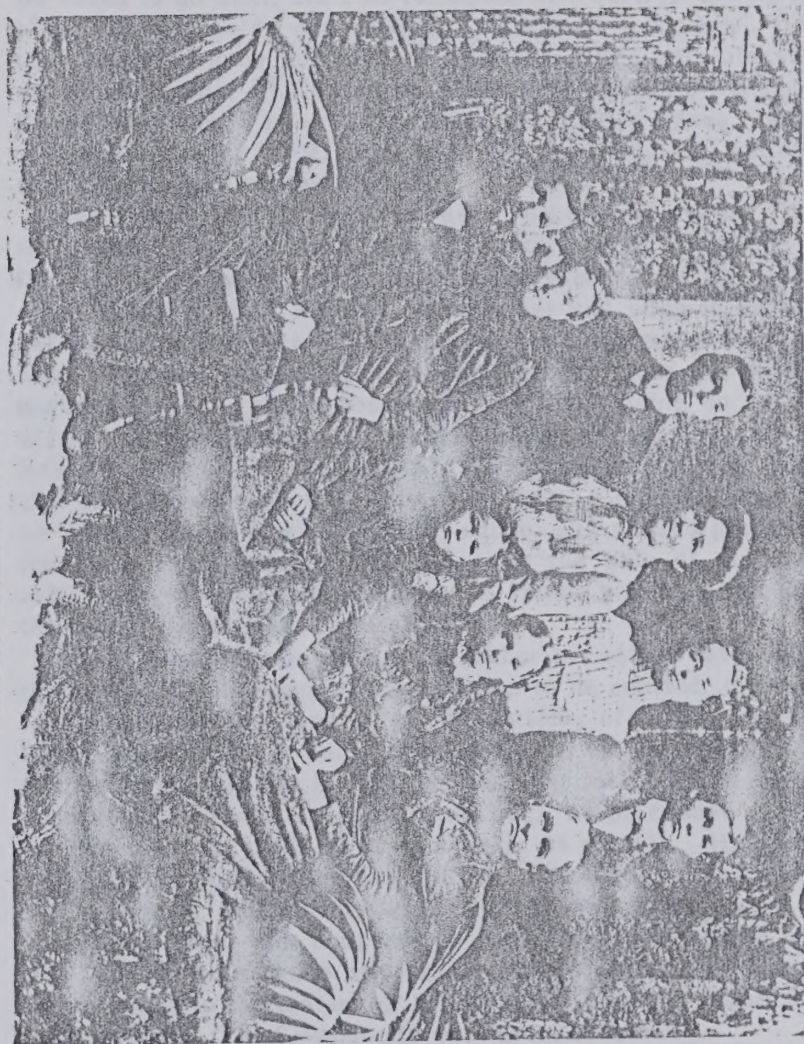
Dorothy Thomas Cozart

THE STORY

PREFACE

This is the story of a family, a very important family to the readers of this book, important because it is our family, the Thomases. There are five people who are most responsible for the writing of this book. First there is Howard Thomas of 55 McKinstry, Peru, Indiana. (You can see in the book how he is related to you). Second, there is Mrs. Loyce Dryden, Route 2, Sycamore, Indiana, and her mother Birdie Kelly. (Their relationship to you is also in the book.) These three people spent long hours searching in libraries and cemeteries, talking to relatives and working at their typewriters compiling information that was only incidental to their family history, but important to ours. We are most grateful to them for their invaluable help. Then there is Dorothy Thomas Cozart, who enjoyed learning about the family while she helped her aunt Ethel unravel many strands of many family lines. Last there is Ethel Thomas who wrote her memories of a family and who has managed to keep track of all the members of that family.

THE FAMILY OF WHICH I WRITE



THE STORY

Because we all like to know about our families and the life they lived years ago, I have set down together with this simple family record some of the recollections of my childhood. Of the home in which we lived, I remember well two rooms at the front of the house that stood facing the west and the road that passed in front. There were other two rooms at the back and two upstairs, but my earliest and most vivid memories take me to the room at the north that was used then as kitchen and dining room. How well I remember the kneeling for prayer about the breakfast table after father had read a lesson from the Bible! Before each meal, to be sure, either father or mother had asked the blessing.

There follow other memories of early religious training. There was the much loved hymn:

*"I think when I read that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men,
How he brought little children as lambs to his fold.
How I should have liked to have been with him then!"*

The picture was so vivid as mother repeated the lines that we felt ourselves a very part of that group about Jesus. Together we learned the Lord's prayer, and there was the simple one at night of:

*"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take."*

That little prayer, offered in perfect trustfulness, was followed by immediate sleep. Going to bed, to be sure, did not necessitate going off to another room, for our trundle bed had only to be drawn out from under that of father's and mother's, and we were soon in and sound asleep.

I am sure that early training is not easily forgotten. I think of a Sunday in my childhood when father and mother needed to be away during the whole day. DeWitt was little more than a baby and they were taking him with them, explaining to Edith and me how we should be alone but could have a happy day together. Edith thought at once of what we might do first. We

would sew little sacks of cloth into which we would put seeds we had been saving. We had made several when suddenly Edith exclaimed, "Ethel, do you know what day this is? It is Sunday and we have been sewing." I don't remember what we found to do next, but I do remember how quickly and repentantly we put aside our sewing. Childhood memories! How they crowd in upon one another, and how filled with pleasure the recollections! There was the slow "Walk, walk, to Bandbury Cross" on father's knee, followed by the livelier "pace, pace" and the exciting, "trot, trot, with the final "gallop, gallop" that brought the thrilling climax.

And where did life begin for us?--you may be asking. Not in Indiana, once the home of our parents, but on the plains of Kansas in Ellsworth County at the very center of the state, seven miles east of Wilson. Here father had shipped lumber, cut and sawed in Indiana woods, to be used in the building of a home. He had come to Kansas three years before the time of his marriage to take a homestead. While proving up on his claim and building a house, he had taught the country school, living in a very tiny house he had laid together of stone, quarried in the quarter section east of his own. I remember that as we walked the half mile south to school and passed pieces of limestone, half covered with grass by the side of the road, older children reminded us that those stones had been left from the house where father had lived first.

There came another cutting of timber in Indiana when after three years father returned to his home to be married, this timber to be shipped to Kansas for the building of a barn. Hereby hangs a tale for on a cold, wintry morning, father had the misfortune to cut off the big toe on his right foot. Alone with a younger brother who could offer no help, he proceeded to sew the toe back on, held as it was by a bit of skin. His boots were new and tight fitting and the day cold, there was no bleeding to trouble, and the toe was soon on. Not strange that we sometimes heard him complain in winter of numbness in that toe. Father wore house slippers at his wedding, while mother had to listen to the teasing of her brothers about her future four toed children. The Livengoods were great at teasing.

The marriage certificate in the family Bible reads:

*"This certifies that Michael Corwin Thomas and
Alma Jane Livengood were solemnly united in the holy
bonds of matrimony at Elkhart, Indiana on the twenty
sixth day of December in the year of our Lord, One*

Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy Eight conformably to the ordinance of God and the laws of the state. In presence of Michael and Nancy Thomas Abram and Mary Livengood''

My mother's family lived in the country near Elkhart but my father's family near Cedarville, not far from Fort Wayne, Indiana, half the width of the state apart, as you can see on the map. You may be wondering then, as I often did as a child, how two people--and exactly the right ones--came to find each other. In the case of my parents, they were both members of the United Brethren Church, my father's father, a minister of that church, so it was not strange that as young people they should attend their nearest United Brethren College which was at Roanoke, Indiana. Father had sisters studying there, too--Jennie and Lottie Thomas. So, I leave it all to your imagination since I have only mine to tell me. I do know that my mother once visited in the Thomas home.

The Livengood and the Thomas families were large, for in both a first wife had died, and there had been a second marriage. My own grandmother Livengood was not yet seventeen when she married and came into a home that had children practically of her own age. All called her mother and the deepest affection existed. There were Christopher, the oldest, whom I did not know, then Isaac, Ira, Joe, and one sister, Ann, always a companion for grandmother, I have been told that Aunt Ann was a very beautiful young woman and was engaged to be married, but was disappointed in her lover and remained at home. She was our very wonderful Aunt Ann when I knew her at seven. Of my mother's own brothers and sisters there were Edd, Rebekah, Will, Ellen, Martha, Fred, and Edith so that with my mother, who was Alma, there were eight. I am forgetting Annis, who died at thirteen. Grandfather Livengood's family was large with fourteen children.

We have said that Grandfather Michael Thomas was a minister of the United Brethren Church. He was, however, a minister of the Methodist Church in Ohio, making the change in denomination upon coming to Indiana. To him and his wife Charlotte Shippy, were born three sons, David, William and James, our Uncle David a soldier in the Civil War. It was while Grandfather Thomas lived in Ohio that his first wife died and there he later married a sister of his first wife, Drusilla Shippy. This wife died soon after the birth of their only child,

Luemma. My father was very fond of his older brothers and of this sister. I knew my Uncle David and Uncle William as a child, but not Uncle James who was living in California with his wife, Lanie, two daughters and two sons. The two daughters were engaged in work with the Salvation Army. Aunt Luemma was married and living in Michigan, and father made the trip alone to visit her. My own grandmother, Nancy Julia Griswold, was mother of eight of whom my father, Michael Corwin was the oldest, followed by Jennie, Fremont, Estella, Emma, Lottie, Clarence, and Evelyn. Clarence and Evelyn still lived in the home when I was there at seven; Aunt Emma Ashley lived not far away; Aunt Lottie Paff and her husband, Ellsworth, with Ted, Lyal and Edna visited at grandmothers. Aunt Estella Foster lived in Arkansas and Aunt Jennie Potter and Uncle Fremont in Colorado, but these last two with their families I knew later in Kansas.

I suppose that after their marriage father and mother left very soon for Kansas where father had the home ready and had grown accustomed to what were then barren plains. Trees, unless they had been planted and had had time to grow, were to be found only along creeks and rivers. No such stream was in sight of our home so I feel sure that mother must have missed the woods and orchards more than anything else left behind in Indiana. She told us once that she had longed, if she could do nothing more, to set up boards for shade--this as we sat in the shade at the back of the house. There was one rather large cottonwood not far from the house and another a great way off in a field. Toward spring when the supply of coal would be running low, mother must surely have gone with father in the big wagon to mines south of Wilson to bring a fresh supply of soft coal for the kitchen stove. At any rate, the Smoky Hill River ran near these mines, and mother told us of walking across the river without getting her shoes damp, so even along streams trees must have been scarce.

Trips in the big wagon took time, and often we waited for father to come home as it grew dark in the evening. We listened for the wagon to cross the bridge--it covered what was only a small culvert a few rods down the road to the south. Even before that we might have heard father talking to his horses with his "get u-up" or his "get along, boys". The hauling of wheat after threshing was occasion, too, for these slow trips with horses and wagon. Father often got off to walk beside his team. On one such occasion he lost his billfold of Russian leather.

It had in it papers, and to make the matter worse, a twenty dollar bill, not easily spared in those days nor in any. I suppose father simply said, "No use to cry over spilled milk", but with a strong hope for its return. The billfold was returned but not until fifteen years later. With it there came a letter explaining that at the time it had been picked up the finder had been badly in need of money. "Sorry to be late in returning it," he wrote as he signed himself "One Bohemian",--a lie for no Bohemian would have done it. It was with great satisfaction that father found a twenty dollar bill inside.

Buffalo, once plentiful, did not then inhabit the plains, but out in the pasture we found the hollows covered over with grass, that were the buffalo wallows. One animal entirely unknown in Indiana surprised mother one night and she came hurrying up from the cellar to tell father there was a badger down there. Father knowing that the animal had to be a skunk replied in a hurry, "Well, let that badger alone." And, really, skunks, unmolested, are not unamiable creatures. This one having been discovered, evidently took up quarters elsewhere. Once on a late afternoon in Oklahoma, I watched a skunk near a roadside followed by five young ones exactly in line.

Of much that was new in Kansas, neighbors were the most important. To the east and over the hill, really only a very slight elevation, lived Sally and Cyrus Underhill, very wonderful people from New York. Their home was a cave, or a dugout, a fascinating wonderland for children, for all about the large room were interesting things brought from the New York home. To this day I have a little silver pail given to me by Mrs. Underhill with the reminder that I had once liked to carry it about asking others to have "ice keam". To sister Edith she gave her brass preserving kettle, often loaned to mother for jelly making, the loan always sending Edith and me happily off for the borrowing and again for its return. In his years alone, father had come to have a rather special place in the Underhill affections, I take it. I know that it was a great satisfaction to Mrs. Underhill that after her husband's death when she was to go to live in town, father was able to buy her quarter section.

From the Underhill home we can look across the road and a little to the east to that of the Musselman's, whose two auburn haired daughters corresponded in age to Edith and myself. Parts of their property were already hedged with osage which came to be used quite commonly about the country. Across the road to the east in the middle of the section two brothers, Sam-

uel and Abiram Weinhold from Pennsylvania, have their houses, barns and windmills in yards not far apart. Children of these families together with other Pennsylvania families form a strong nucleus today in the Lutheran Church that now stands a half mile south of their home. In our section a mile to the south of the Underhill's was the Klema home, one of various Bohemian families who had settled about, a people who became outstanding citizens. One other family completed those within our square mile--the Parke family with two sons and a daughter, Emma, who was my age, lived a half mile south of us. Not far beyond to the south stood our country school house, and three-quarters of a mile farther to the south in the next section lived Mr. White with May and LeFevre. The mother who was French was not living.

Our parents were married on the day after Christmas in 1878 and on March 22, 1880 sister Edith May was born. Little Clarence was born on August 8, 1881, but because of a defect in the valvular action of the heart, he lived only two months and a day. I, Ethel Estella, was born February 17, 1883. Mother had gone a month before that time to her home in Indiana, so I was born a Hoosier, but having been brought to Kansas at three weeks, I have always counted myself a Jayhawker as well. Brother DeWitt, Corwin DeWitt, arrived on election day, November 6, 1884, while little Florence Lavantia was born on June 24, 1886, but died of lung fever, as it was known then, on February 12, 1887. When four years old, I can remember how with mother and Edith we sat about the heating stove one winter afternoon and talked of the little sister who had gone. Often when I went for the cows in the evening I looked long and carefully for an opening in the sky that might be the way into heaven. Irving was born May 19, 1888, and Mary Julia on July 13, 1890.

Early in November in 1890 after the wheat had been planted, father and mother took us to Indiana in a covered wagon drawn by two ponies, Topsy and Topsy, and a one seated one horse buggy which sister Edith drove, usually accompanied by a brother or a sister, following the light wagon. The light wagon had a comfortable bed on springs where DeWitt and I slept together with mother, Irving and baby Mary. Father and Edith had a bed on the ground under the wagon, canvas curtains drawn securely about.

Father and mother were young and I have always thought they enjoyed the trip as fully as did their children. Certainly, there was something of interest to be done or seen from the

time we were up in the morning until we began to look for a camping place in the late afternoon, found it, had our camp supper, and were soon in bed. There were always kind and interesting people to know, but perhaps we all remembered best a family who had nothing to share besides their corn bread and molasses, however, insisted upon our sitting at table with them. The woods had us all enchanted. There was the day we came upon the man with a bear. Back in Kansas for his first year of school when his class was asked how many had ever seen a bear, DeWitt answered that he had. The next question was "Where?" and he replied, "in the woods". The cities we passed through I never forget--Rock Island, Moline, Davenport. They seemed to me a single city. We had chain cities even then. And there were the rivers we crossed, still more interesting. We forded the Des Moines, and were ferried across the Cedar. As we crossed the long, long bridge over the Mississippi, a stake from a broken board flew up and caught one of the ponies under a front leg, laming her, but not seriously. This was fortunate for we still had two states to cross, travel that grew more exciting each day.

It was a happy family that arrived at grandmother Thomas' home early in December, although I know now what I little realized then, that for my father and his mother there was a deep sadness, for grandfather was not there. Two years before as he was driving with grandmother to Fort Wayne their team had run away; grandfather was thrown from the wagon and seriously injured. His fortitude in suffering and his strong faith made his last days beautiful. He died at Fort Wayne on April 7, 1880, at the age of 66, a strong and able man before this accident. With our grandmother in the home were the two youngest of father's brothers and sisters, Clarence and Evelyn. Father and mother had always seemed young to me, and now I was charmed by my youthful aunt and uncle. No less, perhaps, was I delighted to go to the home of Aunt Lavantia and Uncle William, father's older brother who lived in a house across the road from grandmother. Across the road, too, and only a little farther away was the brick school house where Edith and I were allowed to spend some days at school.

The school days were not many, however, for when father had come from a short visit with his sister Luemma Henderson in Michigan, we went to visit Aunt Emma and Uncle Hale Ashley who lived not far away in the country near Cedarville. Christmas came soon and happy days all ran together. It will not do

to forget the great barn that was on the farm, almost too big to play in without fear of getting lost. The ponies and old Poll, when at grandmother's, did not need to be picketed out at night. Grandmother's house was large and full of interest. The woods were near by and there were lots of nuts. Life had very much that was new.

But there was the home of another grandmother to be visited. Again we set out but this time with only a relatively short distance between Fort Wayne and Elkhart where, a couple of miles from town, we found grandmother's brick house with grandmother, Aunt Ann, and Aunt Edith. Here, too, mother's father had left the home, that cheery father of whom mother had often told us. He had come to Indiana from Pennsylvania--Pennsylvania Dutch, if you please, a grandfather who liked to set out a couple of hours before the family, if a trip was to be made, to walk while the others drove; a grandfather who delighted in his birds, especially his snowbirds, and could tell you what they said. Aunt Ellen, too, with our cousin Ernest, was often in the home when Uncle Castle, who was a bishop in the United Brethren Church, needed to be away. I was fascinated when he came, not with the fact that he was a bishop, which meant nothing to me, but with his magnificent beard. I knew him first as we sat at supper. Mother drew me apart afterward to say, "Ethel, you mustn't simply sit and stare at your Uncle Castle."

Gradually the new of everything wore off. The brick house here was even bigger than the frame house at Grandmother Thomas' and so was the barn. The house held much that was enchanting. Just inside the door was the grandfather clock whose winding each night necessitated the lifting of the weight at the end of a chain that during the day had arrived at the floor, and there was the spinning wheel in the garret and out in the yard the great black kettle for making soap. Our Uncle Albert and Aunt Maggie lived not far away, Uncle Albert running the farm. There was a fine grove of walnut trees on one side of the drive entering the property. The woods that were a mile away were most wonderful for us because of the sugar making that took place there in the spring, where for a time we lived in a log cabin.

While we were having our first good visit at grandmother's, Edith and I went to the country school that was not far away; later we went to live in Elkhart where we were in school. We may have stayed longer at grandmother's home than we should

otherwise have done, had not sister Mary, the baby, become ill with lung fever. She was very sick and Dr. Work came often from Elkhart. One evening late, we were all allowed to kiss her goodnight; the crisis passed and Mary lived. I remember hearing father say that only in the warm house and with a doctor near at hand could her life have been saved. It was a time of great rejoicing.

School in a city seemed different from the country schools we had known. Aunt Anna was teaching and Uncle David Thomas was superintendent of schools in Elkhart. He was most encouraging and predicted that we would soon make other pupils sit up and take notice. However that may have been, I remember that during the first days my one thought was to get home to mother. Even DeWitt, not yet ready for school had his trying experiences. Sent to the corner store for eggs, he was given a small sack with nails, and came back saying, "Mother, see what they gave me." With mother's encouragement, he agreed to go right back with the nails to insist that he had asked for eggs. City ways were disconcerting. I met a man riding a bicycle on the sidewalk where, no doubt, I had as much right as he. My attempts to pass didn't suit him, for I remember his exasperated, "Well, go one way or the other", exactly what I had been trying to do.

Uncle Will Livengood and Aunt Florence lived in Elkhart. Cora and Bert of their children were grown up, but Martha and Mary were my age. We were most likely to find ourselves together, however, when at grandmother's in the country. One opportunity to be with our family and Uncle Will's I missed completely, for I had been allowed to go to grandmother's on Friday evening. On Saturday Aunt Martha and Uncle Edgar Pontius arrived. They were newly married, Uncle Edgar a young preacher, and both in love with life and each other. I followed them about fascinated. They began early to plant potatoes and I was allowed to drop. Father came from town to say that our family was going with Uncle Will's on a fishing trip and didn't want me to be left out. But fishing trips had no lure for me when I could be with Aunt Martha and Uncle Edgar planting potatoes. I have wondered if, when I visited at their preaching point in Nebraska years afterward, I thought to remind them of that never to be forgotten day of planting potatoes.

Spring had come and it was time to be getting back to Kansas. The ponies had been sold upon coming to Elkhart, and we were to return by train, however many there were of us to have tick-

ets, even though only half fare. Sister Edith with father and Irving were in one car and mother and the rest of us in the one behind. I suppose a divided family was most easily managed, although even that had its difficulties for there was the time Irving came into the car, shouting as he left Edith in the doorway--"She didn't get me!" Of us all I think Irving enjoyed the trip most, especially when we had arrived in Kansas and restraints seemed to be removed. The conductor called Wamego, and he shouted, "Want me to go, Mother? Want me to go?" At the call of Junction City, he jumped joyfully up and down, crying out "jumping city! jumping city!" The trip home had ended and there was LeFevre to meet us. But LeFevre you haven't known yet, as wonderful a friend as children ever had, a friend and play fellow.

It was still early spring. The wheat fields were beautifully green. Father had left one small field for corn and began at once to plant. Mother was eager to make garden with help from Edith and me -- more from Edith for mother called me her baby tender, a very pleasant task with the little wagon, the baby propped to sit when wide awake and lying down when beginning to grow sleepy. Evenings were still long and we were glad for father's reading from "The Youths' Companion" at night while mother knitted or mended -- knitted usually, for we wore long woolen stockings to school in the winter.

Harvest came early and was over by the Fourth of July. The threshing followed soon, showing a bumper crop. Plowing began at once. Edith did some harrowing that year riding one of the two horses that drew the harrow. On a very hot day in August we had finished the noon meal and had left the table. I had gone into the yard when I saw mother running toward the house crying out that the house was on fire. And so it was. Neighbors had seen smoke coming from the roof and came running with pails. The fire had to be fought with water brought from the tank in the barn yard, but soon effort centered upon getting all the furniture out from the first floor of the house. Mother put baby Mary into my arms telling me to take her far from the fire. Anxious to take good care of the baby, I went with her out to the edge of the corn field. Mary was to tell me years after that she had never forgiven me for not letting her watch the fire. The fire burned incredibly fast, but the household goods from the first floor were safe in the yard. Unfortunately, all winter clothing had been put away upstairs. The same friendly neighbors helped to move us to an unoccupied farm

house, a cottage, a quarter of a mile to the north and a quarter to the west. We were together that night in this strange new home, yet we seemed to be living away from home.

I think now of how difficult that year, or part of a year, was for father and mother. It was a half mile that mother walked to care for her garden and chickens, while each morning and evening father came carrying home two pails of milk. There was the night that he walked in the face of a blizzard and could not tell when to turn west at the corner. He walked on knowing that he would come to a bridge where he would turn around and go back. With the wind at his back, he was able to find the corner and turn to the west.

Winter was over and gone. Plans had been made for the new house, a very warmly built house with two basement rooms, the entrance to the basement at the south. An inner stairway led to the second floor where there was a large living room and a roomy bedroom with a big closet. From the bedroom, stairs led to two rooms above, rooms that faced the west. There were no windows on the north where the plan was to build on later. Since only two rooms were built upstairs, the roof sloped rapidly to the east giving the house a peculiar appearance, as a high school friend of Mary's coming to spend Saturday and Sunday discovered. "Oh, what a funny looking house!" she exclaimed as it came in sight. "Yes," Mary said, "that's where we are going". However peculiar the house may have looked and inadequate in size, it was a wonderful home and had always room for others. Sister Lotta was born on October 6, 1892.

It must have been in the summer after the house was built that Uncle Fremont Thomas and Aunt Bess with Berenice and Clarence came to make us a short visit. Berenice and DeWitt and I were much the same age. Clarence called Irving his playboy. There were care free days together while mother and Aunt Bess dried corn and Uncle Fremont accompanied father in work about the farm. Aunt Bess gave some special time to Edith and me, leaving Berenice curled up reading, as she helped us to sing. She encouraged me to try to sit near someone at church and Sunday School who sang alto, a thing I was never able to do. Years later DeWitt said of my singing, "Ethel, I'd hate to hear you sing a solo; there'd be so many places where you wouldn't sing." Aunt Bess had her oil paints with her and helped us each to make a vase, painting a spray of flowers on a dark bottle. Edith, later, painted some very beautiful pictures in water color and pastel. With a ruler I learned

to make a very good picture of a box, but never attempted more. Evidently, I had much help with the vase. My love and admiration for Aunt Bess and Uncle Fremont were boundless. I didn't follow them about as at seven I had my Aunt Martha and Uncle Edgar, but I felt for them the deep affection that left me with a feeling of loneliness for days after they were gone.

Corn was very important that year for it was the first of three wheat crop failures when father had plowed up the winter-killed wheat to plant corn, with nothing said more than, "better luck next time". Mother had an especially fine garden at the edge of a field north of the house near the cottonwood tree. It was while picking tomatoes that she lost her wedding ring, and looked for it for years afterward, not to be interested in any promise of father's that he would get her another. It was long after the old garden plot had become part of a plowed field that mother came in with her wedding ring when none of us supposed that she still looked for it. I left my writing a moment just now to go upstairs to assure myself that the ring was safe and to slip it on to the ring finger of my left hand, for mother gave me her ring to keep. Time now to be giving it to some niece, who will cherish it.

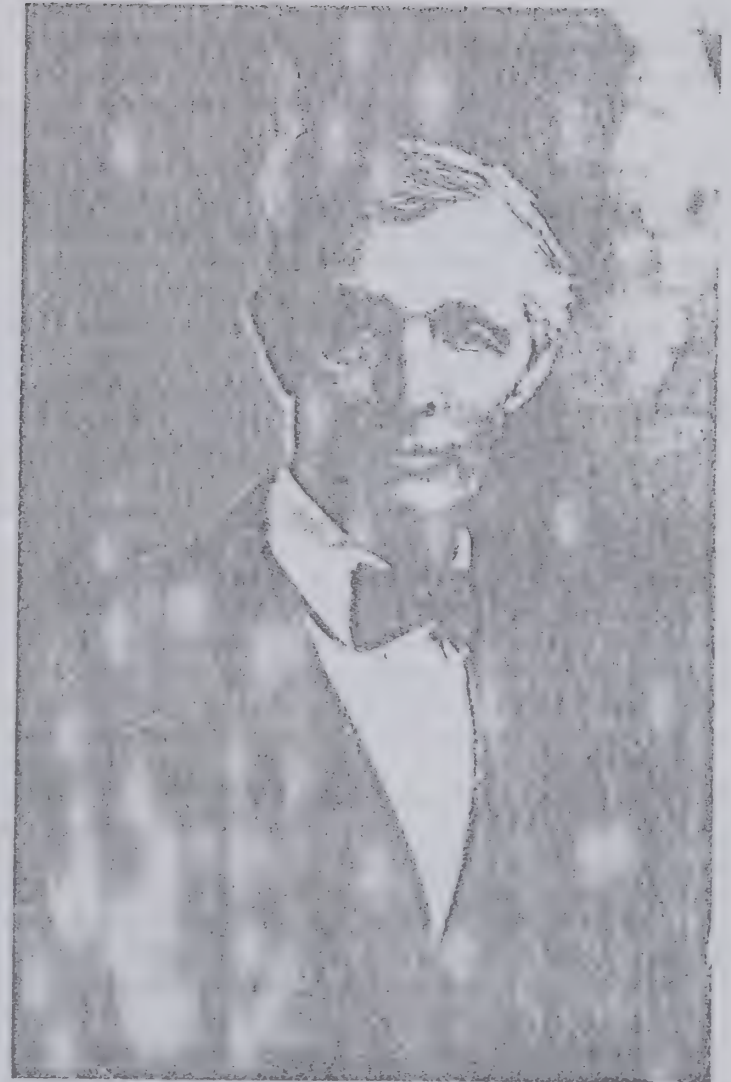
I go back to the years of crop failures which for us as children were years of abundance. Nothing could have tasted better than corn bread with sugar syrup at noon, or mush and milk at supper time, and never were there such squash, pumpkins, turnips, dried corn and canned tomatoes. Money wasn't plentiful, to be sure, and I remember how father wrote to "The Youth's Companion" to ask that it be kept coming without pay, as it did for three years until a new subscription and those overdue could be paid. They may have been anxious years for our parents, but for us they were years of plenty. In the last of them father wrote to his brother David, and there came some rather well used clothing. Out of a pair of trousers I had a beautiful navy blue jacket. There was no parcel post then, but from some relative in Indiana there came a sack of nuts from their woods. And we never were without a few sticks of candy brought home with the groceries -- horehound; winter-green, pepper-mint -- while ice bought from an ice cellar in town resulted in the creamiest and best ice cream anyone ever ate. Made in a gallon sized dinner pail, packed about with ice and salt, we were glad to keep turning the pail, with mother loosening the frozen cream from the sides and stirring occasionally. No, if we were poor, we didn't know it. And what fun we could

invent! Playing Indian, perhaps the most exciting. I wonder today at children playing for hours in the sun. Mother wondered, too, and urged us to come in as we sat trickling water into the holes of some ground bees to see them come out. We must not have done them harm, for they soon returned.

On May the 10th, 1894, sister Ruth was born. Bessie Ruth we called her, and not Ruth Elizabeth until much later. Ruth seemed very much to belong to me when little Esther was born on September 17th, 1896, for I was almost thirteen and could help mother in many ways. Edith was at school in Wilson, having entered the eighth grade before going on to High School. She lived in the home of two much esteemed early settlers who had no children. The weekly trip to town was planned so that she could come home at four on Friday. When that much counted on trip failed one Friday, Edith came walking home, the seven and three-fourths miles. She was as greatly missed in the home as she missed being there. She was now in her first year of High School. It had been very hard for her to return in September for a great sadness had come to our home. It had seemed to us all that there had never been a baby so beautiful as our little sister Esther, and truly, she was a beautiful child. But born just after the middle of September in 1896, she died with whooping cough that turned into pneumonia on August 3, 1897.

Edith had entered the eighth grade at Wilson for there was no definite system of grading in our country school -- one might simply continue. If a teacher came who could teach algebra that subject might be added to the course, and possibly book keeping and civics, but beyond eighth grade, nothing could certainly be counted on. When I had arrived at that stage in my education, I persuaded my parents to allow me to go to Ellsworth to take the county examination for a third grade teacher's certificate when I was fifteen. I didn't pass, so went another year to country school, but in August attended the month of normal before taking a second examination. I passed. It was not against the law to teach at sixteen, so that year found me teaching a country school four miles from home. There were seven pupils, one a beginner, the son of a member of the school board, one a big Bohemian boy, older than myself, who came during the coldest months of winter, and five children of a Russian family, the most eager and pains-taking pupils a teacher could have.

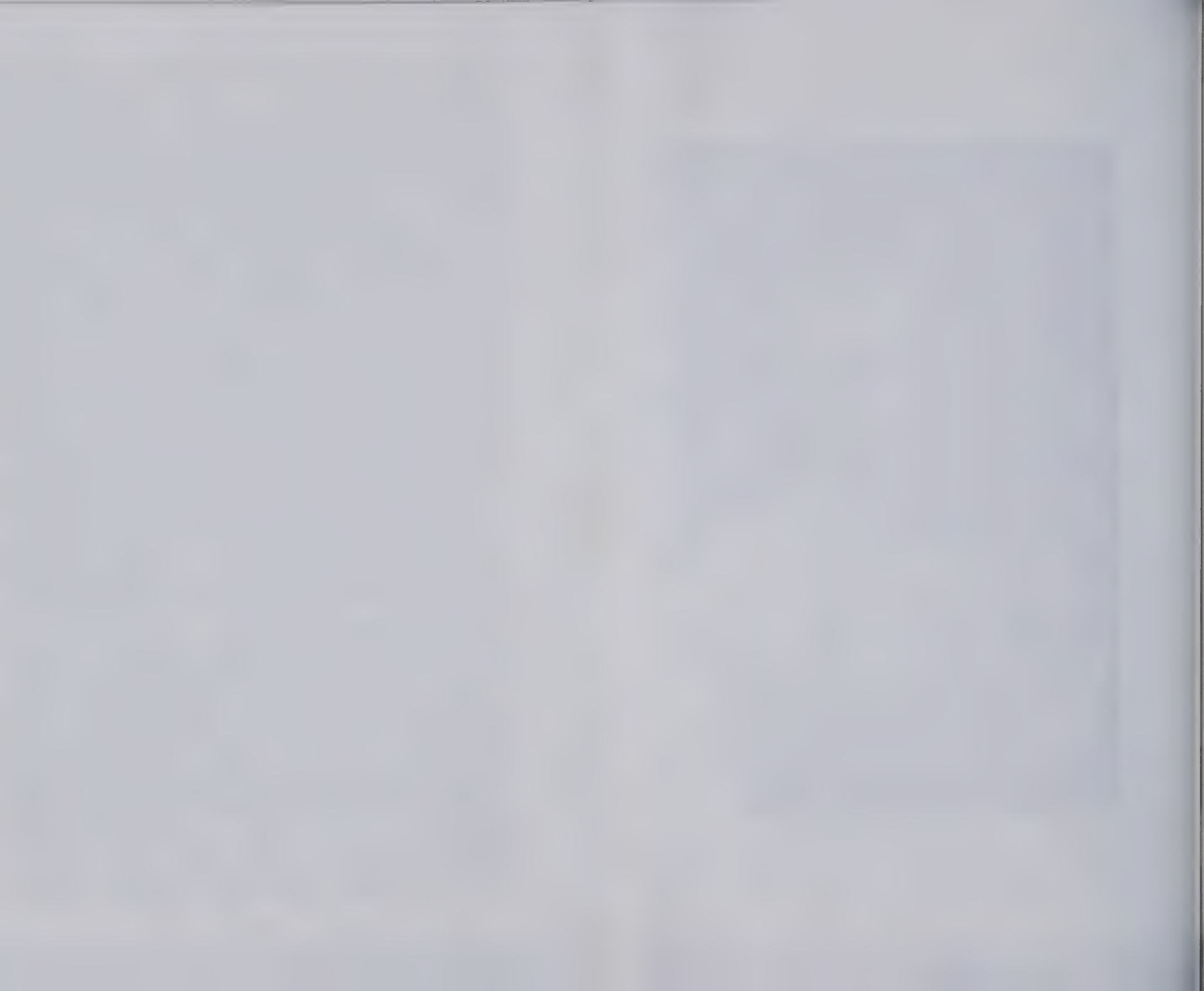
It was during the next year that county examinations were offered all country pupils ready to complete the eighth grade.





DeWitt passed his examination, and together we entered High School at Ellsworth that fall. Being away from home was a difficult experience for us both, and only the certainty of going home at the end of the week bolstered our determination to stick it out. Rain or shine, in blizzard or fair weather, father drove the eighteen miles to bring us home and take us back. Never was there an absence mark. It helped that our superintendent, E. T. Fairchild, later State Superintendent of Schools, had been our County Superintendent for a few years. He taught a botany class for freshmen, at first addressing his pupils with Mr. and Miss. He must certainly have understood how strange two of his class were feeling, for he let everyone know that we were old friends of his by beginning at once to call us DeWitt and Ethel. The charm and tact of our principal, Miss Daisy Zaninger, the forming of friendships, the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Wanasek of whom our two upstairs rooms were rented, and our determination never to go to school without every lesson carefully prepared, all helped us in those homesick days. And at the end of every week, we did go home. Sometimes we went by train to Blackwolf where there was a stop at a grain elevator and father met us, with a saving of half the distance for himself and the team. On one arrival at Blackwolf a stranger met us. He plainly expected to be recognized, and with some difficulty we realized that he was our father without his whiskers. At home we found Mary indignant about the matter, and Lotta, who could never bear to hear her father criticized, saying that it was his beard and he had the right to do with it as he pleased. So it was, and gradually we became accustomed to the change, even liked it.

When Edith had finished High School, she taught for a year at the Columbia District School where I had taught, and after that year entered the Normal of the Kansas Wesleyan University in Salina. After her graduation, she taught in primary grades at Portis, Kansas until May, 1907, shortly before her marriage in that year. DeWitt and I had entered Baker University in the fall of 1904. I remember well Edith's letter written us there, telling us of her engagement to the lumberman at Portis. We pictured a sedate business man. It was in the summer of 1906 that mother spent a week with Edith at Chautauqua in beautiful Lincoln Park, not far from Portis. On one Saturday evening Booker T. Washington was to speak, and father, DeWitt and I drove to hear this great man and inspiring speaker. It was an occasion to remember because of this opportunity, and it was



then, too, that we first knew Frank Schiller of whom Edith had written. The lumberman was not at all as we had pictured him, but a great, overgrown lad, a year younger than myself, who caused DeWitt to exclaim, "We might have known Edith would have a kid." That exclamation may have described somewhat Edith's tastes and the youthful appearance of her fiancé, but they carried no intimation of the fortitude and rugged determination that had enabled Frank Schiller, left an orphan at an early age, first by the death of his mother, who was French, and soon after by that of his father who was German, as he worked to put himself through high school, and saw to it that his younger brother, Walter, had an easier time as he continued in school and made a start in life. Frank once told me something of his boyhood struggles, concluding his account, "and then I met Edie", his words suggesting the fairy tale ending, "and they lived happily ever after."

But the younger members of our family are being neglected. Perhaps, the family did seem to fall into two groups. At any rate, two young seminary students, helping with the harvest that summer, told with amusement of asking Mary how many children there were in the family. She replied, "Well, there are Edith and Ethel, and DeWitt and Irving, and then all the little ones besides," the little ones quite ably headed by Mary, herself. However, Lotta and Ruth had minds of their own and kept the balance. Mary's reaction to the idea of having the family circle broken by marriage was somewhat violent. Without consulting anyone, she managed to get a letter off to Frank Schiller. We had rural mail delivery now, and going the mile east to take letters and to bring the mail often fell to Mary herself. However she managed it, Frank was surprised by a letter, telling him that he was making a great mistake when he thought of marrying Edith. What arguments she advanced we never knew. Frank may have been curious about the youthful sister-in-law he was acquiring, but was not influenced in his intention to marry her sister.

Many happy hours for these younger sisters were spent in their playhouse, an enormous packing box, with an addition for a kitchen, that stood under a honey locust tree a few rods south of our basement entrance, a wild grape vine almost covering both the tree and playhouse. A path led on to the orchard, arriving soon at a tree of summer apples with peach trees beyond, while at the south edge of the large orchard was a grove of honey locust where both a swing and a hammock were to be

found. Adventures, to be sure, often led beyond the playhouse. There once was a buggy ride, with no buggy but only the new whip bought to be placed in its socket when that vehicle was to be used. At other times it was carefully put away in the clothes closet off the downstairs bedroom. Father came in one day for the whip and was surprised to find it broken. I heard mother say, "Well, father, you know how many things are crowded into that closet." Long afterward we heard of the trip in the imagined buggy, down the road and beyond the bridge with the whip in vigorous use. There were always pets, especially cats, Maltese, bluish gray. Mary had her own cat, well known to her by the tip of its tail, crooked because the last joint had been broken. Mice were finding their way into LeFevre's bachelor quarters in the fall and he asked for a cat, a request that was readily granted. It was late and children were in bed. When it was known the next morning that a cat had been given away, Mary rushed out to meet the cats that sprang to meet one when the basement door opened. There was no cat with a crooked tail. She scarcely waited for her breakfast before she was off to recover her cat. LeFevre might have as many cats as he wished, if not hers.

But the little ones were growing up as their elders grew older. Mary surprised me one spring when I came from Baldwin by asking, "Ethel, if I want to let Bill Hunter haul me about a little, don't you think it is all right?" --my first intimation of a country beau. Irving was never well when not in the open and active. He did not finish high school, but went to eastern Colorado where he did some pioneer farming, and DeWitt joined him one summer after a year of teaching between his junior and senior years at college. It was in the spring of 1908 that I finished at Baker and father and mother and DeWitt were there for my graduation.

A change was being made in our home. We were to move from Ellsworth County to a farm just across the line in Oklahoma, south and a little east of Anthony, Kansas. Mother and Father had come from Oklahoma to Baldwin. Mary was to remain there with mother while father with DeWitt and Ruth and Lotta returned to the farm near Wilson for the sale of farm machinery and some household goods. I joined them at Wilson and was able to manage the dinner at the sale, and then to help pack household goods into the two covered wagons for the trip. DeWitt and I had memories of our childhood travel, but found ourselves now with greater responsibilities, shared as capably

by Ruth and Lotta. I remember DeWitt's, "I wish, Ethel, that you would let Ruth show you how to put up the lines," indirect praise not appreciated by Ruth, who never wished to be singled out. The trip of a few days to Oklahoma were entirely pleasant and the reunion of family, unforgettable. Mary had been watching and came down the road to meet us. As we clambered out of the wagon to greet her, we realized that she was crying. I almost shook her as I demanded to know if something were wrong with mother. Nothing was wrong. Mary cried for pure joy.

Life on the state line was interesting. A mile to the west on the Kansas side lived Uncle Joe Livengood, of whom we had heard much and felt half jealous when Uncle Fremont's family talked of Uncle Joe, not their uncle at all. A half mile farther on, Uncle Edd and Aunt Becca Livengood lived, mother's bachelor brother and his sister, who had joined him in Kansas and kept house for him. Aunt Lavina, Uncle Joe's wife, was not living, but his son, Clem, had married and his wife, Pearl, kept the home. His daughter, May, and her Ohio husband, Fred Rife, with their exciting family of seven lived five miles south of Anthony, while Eva Lonas, his other daughter, lived several miles to the north of us. In that family there were three daughters and one son.

There was scarcely more than time to know one's relatives, yes, and to go on a fishing trip to the beautiful Chikaskia River before DeWitt had to leave for Baldwin, and I for Ellsworth where I was to teach in the High School. Mary continued her high school in Anthony, while Ruth and Lotta went one year to the country school two miles and a quarter from home before entering the same high school. This country school house, by the way, served the community for church and Sunday School. People were of different denominations; the Cook literature was used for the Sunday School, but for church it was an itinerant Methodist minister who was available for the afternoon service every other Sunday, an hour for church school and church to which our family had not been accustomed. It was just before school closed for Christmas that Frank and Edith came to Ellsworth, and the next day we took the train for Wichita and on to Wakita. Irving had come and we were all together in the new home for the holiday season in 1908.

Summer was a home coming time, as well. DeWitt helped father on the farm, and Mary later taught a country school not far away. In fact, except for Irving, we all did some teaching, as father and mother had before us. On a couple of summers I

noted the visits of a young man from Anthony who came driving a beautiful team of horses. We all enjoyed Alvin Prouse, but his attention centered on Mary, and on the 16th of October, 1912 they were married and went to live on a farm not far away in Oklahoma. After a year there they moved to Yuma, Arizona where they did prosperous, but very dry farming, before going later to California. It was in California that father and mother spent a month with them one summer and were taken on many very delightful trips. Alvin was wonderful for his outgoing spirit, his whole hearted enjoyment of life and his ability to make everyone about him happy. I remember mother's words when they returned, "No son could have been more attentive than Alvin."

It was in the spring of 1915. Edith with Francis and Katherine, still a baby, had driven in their car to make us a visit. Irving had come from Colorado, not planning to return. He was seen consulting with Edith one late afternoon, and soon after was driving happily away in the car he had arranged to borrow. This may have marked the beginning of his courting of Gladys Brooks, whose father was the superintendent of our Sunday School and a member of the choir, their home nearer Wakita than to the state line. From this time, at any rate, things moved rapidly. They soon married and lived on a rented farm about half way to Wakita. Life seemed full of promise. But it was during the first world war, and Irving entered military service. He and Gladys were expecting their first child. I remember hearing Ruth and Lotta asking him which he would like best--a boy or a girl, and hearing him reply, "I would like a boy or a girl."

But it was not until he was in France that their little Gladys Marie was born. Father and mother went with Gladys to visit him at his training base before he left for France, almost as the war was closing. His contribution was to help remove the dead and the dying from the battle field -- a grim experience for a young man from a farm. Small wonder that mother should say later, "The boy I sent away did not come back to me." Irving returned to begin his farming over again, getting together machinery as best he could. The struggle was hard, but he had the help of a brave and cheerful wife.

The years of teaching at Ellsworth seemed to pass quickly. At the end of the first year there was a visit with Edith and Frank at Portis before going to Lawrence for summer school at Kansas University -- Virgil, swimming and tennis. Miss Francis

Sabin at the University of Wisconsin was convincing everyone of the need for the study of Latin, and I spent my third summer in Madison. Here swimming was in the lake. A part of each summer was spent at home, but all of the school year of 1912 and 1913 I spent at home in Oklahoma, a very wonderful year of my life. Lotta and Ruth were in High School at Anthony, father's trips paralleling in distance those made to and from Ellsworth, now however, in a Maxwell. Occasionally, friends of the girls came with them from Anthony for a week end. For me life was leisurely, with time to enjoy relatives and neighbors and the life of the community. The best of that year was simply to be at home. Mother did not now knit socks, and stockings; summer afternoons found her reading or tatting. The winter proved severe, and we made more than one quilt with squares cut from well worn clothing brought from the attic.

For me the fall of 1914 marked the beginning of six years of teaching in the High School at Manhattan, Kansas where, after their graduation at Anthony in the spring of 1915, Lotta and Ruth joined me to enter upon a Home Economics course at Kansas State University, Ruth to finish the course, Lotta, after that year, to begin to teach in country schools in Kansas, not far from the home in Oklahoma. It was at the end of her junior year that Ruth was chosen by the college Y.W.C.A. to represent them at their summer conference at Lake Geneva in Wisconsin. Except for a summer quarter at the University of Chicago, I was at home during the summer months, and always for the Christmas vacation. DeWitt, now with father on the farm, Irving and Gladys and little Gladys Marie, the two sisters and I, together with father and mother, made a family of nine on Christmas day. It was on the day after Christmas of that year that sister Ruth was married to Charles Enlow of Harper, Kansas, a town not far from Anthony. Their acquaintance, however, had been made while in college in Manhattan, resulting in a growing friendship, and finally in courtship and marriage. Charles was to continue his studies for a year in the Agronomy Department at Kansas State, afterward entering upon work with the government in the study of soils, of crops suited to different localities, experiments with grasses--work that ultimately took him to Washington, and even abroad. In difficult times or in prosperous, he never stood alone. Where Ruth was, life had always a sparkle.

Go back with me for a moment to my girlhood. Across the road in front of our school house in an open meadow, a large

tent has been set up with planks for seating. Here an Epworth League rally is being held, with young people coming from different communities. The interest and enthusiasm are great, the singing inspiring, but outstanding in my memory is the address of a young man, years later to become Dr. W. D. Schermerhorn, a missionary to India. As he told in simple fashion of the needs of the people of India and of other lands, there came to me the thought that I might sometime be a missionary, an idea never expressed, but not forgotten. In the late winter of 1919 I believed the time had come, and wrote Miss Ella M. Watson of the Topeka Branch of our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Before school was out that spring I knew that I had been accepted as a missionary to some Latin American country, a choice mentioned because of my years of teaching Latin. There was need for a teacher just outside of Mexico City, and there, somewhat surprised to be sent to a country so near home, I was happy to go. In the fall of the year a great missionary meeting was to be attended in Boston, and later one in Topeka where I was commissioned.

On the first day of the new year--1920--brother DeWitt drove me to Medford, county seat of Grant County, Oklahoma, and saw me off on the train. He told me that afterward he would go to see the County Agent about matters pertaining to the Grange of which he and neighboring farmers near Wakita were members. The County Agent proved to be Mrs. Daisy Elder, a widow, the mother of two small children. I have not been told how the romance developed, but on June 3, 1920 Daisy Newcomb Elder and DeWitt Corwin Thomas were united in marriage. In the fall of that year father and mother moved to Winfield, Kansas, finding them a home at 1601 East 11th, just beyond the city limit, where father had room for gardening and mother, for her chickens. Without waiting five years for a furlough, I came home at the end of three years during a part of the two month winter vacation for schools in Mexico.

Brothers and sisters living near enough, gathered at Winfield, and later, father drove me to the old home on the state line where DeWitt lived now and Irving, a half mile to the south on a part of the home farm. We stayed with Irving and Gladys in their neat little four room cottage and made visits to DeWitt and Daisy. One evening at DeWitt's I remember especially, Irving's delight as we gathered about the piano with Gladys playing. But we had a third visit to make, for on the 2nd of June Lotta had married Charlie Lime and they were living not

far away on a farm near Danville, Kansas. We made them a late afternoon and overnight visit for Lotta was still teaching. Mother had told how helpful Charlie had been when they moved to Winfield and it was plain to see she considered him a most acceptable son-in-law. It was good, indeed, to be with Lotta, but when she left for school in the morning, father and I went back to Irving's where I needed more time to enjoy little Gladys Marie, who had arrived while I was in Mexico, then on to De-Witt's where Dorothy Mary was a grandniece equally new to me.

It was not until the summer of 1925 that I was able to come home on furlough. I found father and mother well and enjoying the home at Winfield. At one time or another all my brothers and sisters came to visit and on one memorable occasion, we were all there at once. In the fall, leaving me to look after the chickens and the sale of eggs, father and mother went to spend a month with relatives in Indiana. It was an especially happy time for them, although mother confessed that it had been hard for her to follow the simple diet to which she was accustomed when at home. Together again, the time passed happily. It was not until the first of the year that I was to leave for study.

On the last Sunday before I left for the winter and spring quarters at the University of Chicago, we spent a long evening visiting together. Father had often spoken of his Uncle Jonathan, and had mentioned Jonathan's son Fletcher, but not his daughters, Lisbian and Sarah. Lisbian had married Bedine, father said, and Sarah, a man named Surface. Liverton, he said, was a name often used in the Thomas family. I jotted down these names which I had not heard before, a fact for which I have been glad as, in the last few years, I have made some study of the Thomas family history. The recurring name of Liverton has impressed me, and too, the early homes in Pennsylvania and Ohio before the settlement in Indiana, all of which father spoke that night. We talked, too, of father's mother, Nancy Julia Griswold, and of the Ashley and Griswold families. The next day I was off for study.

When the study in Chicago was finished, I went to nearby Elkhart for a few days with Aunt Edith, who after Grandmother's death had married Leonard Whittig, Uncle Len, as we knew and loved him. He was a relative of grandmother, with all the affable qualities of the Livengoods. And then I was off for home, where I still had time with my parents. A first furlough allowed for fifteen months away from work. However, before that time was fully up, a flood at the school in Mexico made an

earlier return necessary, and very soon I was ready to go. Mother said to me as she and father bade me goodbye at the train, "Tell them, Ethel, that I am glad to send you back." My wonderful, wonderful mother!

School closed in Mexico at the end of November, to reopen in February. The new school year had only well begun when word came that mother was seriously ill. I left at once, to find upon arriving that mother was recovering, and very soon seemed well once more. But there came another stroke. After a short time of unconsciousness, she roused to say, "I shall not get well, but it is all right." She slipped away quietly on the 29th of March, 1927.

I remained to keep the home for father. After several months Irving and Gladys came to be with him for a couple of years, and with their coming, I returned to my work. Father and mother had begun early to plan the distribution of property, and with the cooperation of sons and daughters, father now made final arrangements. Relieved of responsibilities, he felt free to make visits he desired to make, going first to Indiana to spend some time with relatives, and afterward with Ruth and Charles Enlow, Barbara and Robert in Tallahassee, Florida. There I joined them for a week at Christmas. Father said as I left that if it were not that he had barely arrived, he should like to go with me to Mexico. When another Christmas had come, father had gone to be with sister Mary in Long Beach, California, and there I went for a couple of weeks at Christmas. This time Father had had his visit and was ready to go with me when I returned to Mexico.

In Mexico the elderly person is the honored one in the home and from both pupils and teachers father received such courtly and kindly treatment that he marveled at the kindness shown him. He had thought that he might be helpful to the two men who worked on the school farm, but he soon declared that the men knew more about their gardening and planting than he did. He enjoyed watching them at their work as he strolled about the eleven acre farm. When the girls at the school were not in classes, they delighted in teaching him words in Spanish. Father greatly enjoyed our Federation of Christian Workers which held its first meeting of the year with us at the school.

But the altitude of Mexico City proved too high for father and we were compelled to come home. On the first part of our train trip father may have been only semi-conscious. He made a short prayer aloud, then a moment or two later looked up,

The Ashley-Griswold Family

The information given below was dictated by Jane Ashley, the oldest grandchild of John Ashley, in 1900 at Niles, Berrien County, Michigan.

John Ashley and wife came from England. They had four children, William, Rachel, Betsy, and John (who is our ancestor).

William married Mary Bristol, sister of Mrs. Ephriam Potter, who in time became Jane Ashley's mother-in-law. He, with a large family, moved to Ohio some time in the 1820's. Previously they had lived in or near Catskill, N. Y.

Rachel married John Edwards, and Betsy married William Robbins, both lived in New York state.

John, our ancestor, was born Dec. 28, 1777. He lived in Catskill, N. Y. He married Elizabeth Johnson, of a large family of Hartford, Connecticut. She was born May 27, 1773. She said her grandfather's mother brought to Connecticut the first small spinning wheel used there. The Johnsons (formerly Johnstones) were some of the first pilgrims who came from England. John and Elizabeth Ashley's children were Polly (our ancestor), John J. Phoebe, Betsy Ann, Harriet, Clarissa, George H., and Rebecca. John died at the home of his daughter Phoebe in New York state, October 15, 1843. Elizabeth died at the home of her son George near Ft. Wayne, Indiana, October 12, 1842.

Polly (our ancestor) was born Nov. 25, 1800. She married Riley Griswold who was born Feb. 22, 1802. He was from Green County, New York State. They had eleven children(see below). Polly died Dec. 25, 1879.

John J., born June 20, 1802, married Diana Potter. They had six children. After Diana's death, he married Casandra Perkins, They had two children.

Phoebe, born Sept. 1803, married Stephen Grizwold. They had thirteen children.

with a slightly embarrassed smile to say, "I guess I was saying my prayers." The trip home was made with no great difficulty for father, and we arrived safely in Abilene to be with sister Edith in the Schiller home. Father enjoyed his coming to be with Edith. Questioned by the doctor who came to see him, how he had liked Mexico, he replied quickly that he only wished he might have stayed longer. To his grand-daughter's request that he tell them what girls in Mexico were like, he answered in surprise, "Why, just like you."

Father's heart had served him well, but there came gall bladder trouble, and he was obliged to be in bed. DeWitt came to see him, and after a happy evening he said, "Why, if Father weren't in bed, we would never know that he was ill." It was not long, however, before father slipped into a coma. Again his thoughts revealed themselves in words spoken unconsciously, "Yes, I know," he said softly, "our part to forgive." Repentance came before forgiveness, father had always rightfully contended, but now as he had always known in his heart, he agreed that there must be readiness on our part to forgive.

About the grave when mother was laid to rest in the cemetery near Wilson where little Clarence, little Florence and little Esther were buried, we sang a hymn she had often sung about her work:

"O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Happy day, happy day
When Jesus washed my sins away:
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day
When Jesus washed my sins away."

So we sang at father's burial a hymn, some part of which he was often heard to sing, as a prayer, I feel sure:

"Come Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love."

Betsy Ann, born July, 1805, married Edmond Bunnel of Syracuse, N. Y. They had seven children.

Clarissa, born Nov. 26, 1812, married James Cash, of N. Y. They had five children.

Harriet, born December 3, 1808, married Daniel Oplinger of Germany. They had three children.

George H., born June 1, 1814, married Esther Ann Lindsly of N. Y. They had four children.

Rebecca, born June 24, 1817, married Aaron Bixby, who was born Sept. 20, 1800, and died Sept. 13, 1846. After his death she married Adam Jeffries, who was born July 12, 1822. They had five children.

John wanted his children near him, so he bought a large tract of land in Indiana near Ft. Wayne. He sold his property in New York state and moved his family there in May, 1837. Polly Ashley Griswold was the first one of his children who followed him. All of his children except John J. finally went there.

JOHN ASHLEY (Came from England)
Wife

William
Rachel (married John Edwards)
Betsy (married William Robbins)
John (see below)

John Ashley, b. Dec. 28, 1777, d. Oct. 15, 1843

Elizabeth Johnson, b. May 27, 1773, d. Oct. 12, 1842

Polly (see below)

John J., m. Diana Potter and Casandra Perkins, 8 children

Phoebe, m. Stephen Griswold, 13 children

Betsy Ann, m. Edmond Bunnel, 7 children

Harriet, m. Daniel Oplinger, 3 children

Clarissa, m. James Cash, 5 children

George H., m. Esther A. Lindsly, 4 children

Rebecca, m. Aaron Bixby and Adam Jeffries, 5 children

Polly, b. Nov. 25, 1800; d. Dec. 25, 1879

Riley Griswold, b. Feb. 22, 1802

Harriett, m. Almon Reynolds

Nancy Julia (see Thomas line for descendents),
m. Michael Thomas

Ann Elizabeth, m. Granderson Petit

Richard A.

George W.

Joseph D.

Charles W.

Francis M.

Jane A., m. Joshua Potter (see below)

Jane A., Griswold, b. Sept. 9, 1814

Joshua Potter, b. Feb. 19, 1814; d. April 20, 1889

Jane, m. Edward Kemp

Charles, m. Justine A. Osborn

Frank, m. Elizabeth Groat

Ellen, m. George Webb

Dwight, m. Ada Lewis

DeFay (see below)

Laura, m. Theron M. Latcher.

DeFay Potter

O. Jennie Thomas (see Thomas Family line)

Clyde DeFay, m. Elsie

Elva Jane, m. Foster

Edna Thomaselle, m. Crum

Vida Estelle, m. Speakman

Luther DeWitt - 3819 Bagley, Seattle, Wash.

Laura - died in infancy

Of Polly's children, a daughter, Elizabeth, died and a son Jeremiah, was drowned when only eight years old.

Harriet, born April 5, 1825, married Almon Reynolds and with a family of seven sons went to Washington state.

Nancy Julia, born March 28, 1828, married Michael Thomas. (see the Thomas family line for her descendents.)

Ann Elizabeth, born June 17, 1830, married Granderson Petit. They had two children.

Richard A., born Dec. 17, 1831 had one son, Charles, who died when twenty-one.

George W., born Aug. 18, 1833, was drowned at Ft. Wayne, Indiana while attending college there.

Joseph D., born Aug. 26, 1835, had five sons and three daughters.

Charles W., born Aug. 6, 1837, died in the south during the Civil War.

Francis M., born Sept. 30, 1839, died a young man at home.

Jane A., her oldest daughter (and the person who dictated this information) was born in Breen County, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1814. She married Joshua Potter. He was born in Schoharie County, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1814. This couple taught school in Arkansas one year, then joined the Choctaw mission, under the patronage of the American Board of Foreign Missions in Indian Territory. They were there for five years, then on account of slavery among the Indians were transferred to Minnesota. They were there nearly two years and were again transferred to the Seneca Mission in New York state. After ten years in the mission field, they moved to Michigan. They had eight children, four of whom were born in Indian territory.

DeFay Potter, born in Cattoragus County, New York, Sept. 13, 1861, married O. Jennie Thomas. They had six children, Clyde, DeFay, Elva Jane, Edna Thomasella, Vida Estelle, Luther DeWitt, and Laura. (See Thomas line for more on this family).

The Livengood Family

ABRAM LIVENGGOOD, b. Jan. 14, 1806; d. July 7, 1879;
m. April 27, 1826 to

Katherine Noffisinger, b. 1803; d. Nov. 21, 1841.

Isaac, b. Jan. 17, 1827; d. Mar. 1, 1901.

Christopher, b. Sept. 29, 1828; d. July 1901.

Ira, b. Nov. 7, 1830; d. July 4, 1904

Ann, b. Dec. 28, 1832; d. Jan. 11, 1916.

(Ann lived in the home with Abram and his second wife, Mary).

Joseph, b. Dec. 14, 1834; d. 1915;

The father of Clem, Eva, and May Livengood.

Clem married Pearl Feely, they had one son,

Robert, who married Frances Neville and adopted twins, Jon and

May married Fred Rife, they had six children:

Fred, Mary, Margaret, Doris, Tillie and John.

John, b. Jan. 16, 1835; d. July 4, 1904.

Samuel, b. May 18, 1840; d. Nov. 12, 1840

Mary Whittig — second marriage — b. Oct. 7, 1826

(Mary was Swiss); d. Mar. 30, 1913.

Katherine, b. Aug. 6, 1844; d. Dec. 3, 1864.

Charles E. (Ed), b. Sept. 26, 1846; d. Feb. 15, 1923;
Unmarried.

William F., b. June 28, 1848; (see below)

Ellen, b. Mar. 6, 1850 (see below)

Rebecca E., b. Sept. 26, 1846; d. Feb. 15, 1923.

Unmarried

Alma Jane, b. Feb. 6, 1853; d. Mar. 28, 1927;

(see Thomas family line for her descendents)

Fredrick P., b. April 7, 1856; d. Dec. 2, 1940.

(see below)

Albert (Bub), b. Oct. 17, 1854; d. June 21, 1926

(see below)

Arthur F. died when young

Martha A., b. Mar. 13, 1859; d. Dec. 29, 1940 (see below)

Annice V. died when young.

Mary Edith, b. Feb. 25, 1857; d. Aug. 14, 1941.

(see below)

William F. was the father of The Reverend Dr. Melvin Livengood of the United Brethern Church, who after retirement lived in Warsaw, Indiana, where he suffered a heart attack and died on Feb. 25, 1965.

Ellen married a United Brethern minister who became a bishop, Bishop Castle. They had one son, Ernest.

Frederick P. had three children, Chester, Ethel, and another daughter.

Albert (Bub) had two daughters, Ruth and Ina. Ruth, Mrs. Audie Deal, was killed in an auto accident in 1960. Mrs. Ina Ivins lives outside Elkhart, Indiana.

Martha A. married Edgar Pontius, a United Brethern minister. They had four children, Lowell, Howard, Edith, Helen, who died young. This family lives in Concordia, Kansas.

Edith married Leonard Whittig, who died Sept. 9, 1930. Uncle Len lived with Grandmother Livengood and took care of the farm. The old Livengood home was in Elkhart, Indiana.

The old Livengood home in Elkhart is still standing and is used as a staff building for a hospital.

The Thomas Record

LEVERTON THOMAS, b. 1739; d. Feb. 25, 1814
Mary, b. 1745; d. March 19, 1820

Edmund
Rebecca (Lockwood)
Mary (Colwell)
Jonathan
William
Ann
Lydia
Joseph
Leverton, Jr.
Michael (see below)

Leverton and Mary Thomas are buried in Pigeon Creek Cemetery at Eighty Four, Pennsylvania. Leverton may have been the maiden name of Leverton Thomas' mother. Leverton is an English name and there is a Leverton and Sons, Ltd. in London, England, who have been undertakers since King George III in the 1700's.

It can be fairly well established that Leverton Thomas came from Wales. The Reverend Fletcher Thomas (see below) wrote in his book, *The Life and Labors of Reverend Fletcher Thomas*, "Concerning my great grand parents, but little knowledge has been transmitted to me save that my paternal great grandfather was born in Wales and came to this country in an early day." In a letter from Susie Thomas Hartman to Birdella Buchholz Kelley is the following: "I meant to tell you it was Grandpa Charles N. Thomas folks that came over here from Wales. I have a pair of ice skates that are way past 200 years old that came over with the old folks when they came to this country... Grandpa Thomas had these skates and they either belonged to his father or his grandfather."

Leverton Thomas served as a private in Capt. John Munn's Company, 2nd Battalion, Washington County Militia according to the Pennsylvania Archives 6th Series, Vol. 2, pp. 30, 60, 83. Dorothy Paff (see below) relates that her mother, Evelyn Thomas, (see below) had a bullet mold that had been used by her great-grandmother Thomas to make bullets for the soldiers during the Revolutionary War. According to this family story, the women were stationed behind the lines to make the bullets.

Liverton Thomas owned what he referred to in his will as a "plantation" which was called Timber Ridge. It consisted of 283 acres of land, and was located in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. (The name of this county was later changed to Washington County.)

The above mentioned will is registered in Will Book No. 2, pages 471-73 on file with the Register of Wills at Washington, Pa. Liverton evidently could not write since he signed his will by making his "mark" on it. He evidently was well-to-do for his time since in his will he describes his property as consisting of "a house, barn, sheep house, cattle shed and fruit (trees). Also hay and small grain; bed and bedding; horse, saddle and bridle valued at \$80.67; kitchen furniture worth \$26; milk cows, ewes, breeding sow, sheep and lambs and cattle." He also admonishes the executors of his will to never let his wife, even if she "should Change her Life and Marrie and by any MisConduct or bad fortune Come to want then and in that Case it is my will and I do order that there be Sufficient Support given her out of my Plantation During her Life..." The will was probated on March 14, 1814, with Edmund Thomas as one of the executors. Mary Thomas also left a will which was dated Feb. 20, 1816. Register of Wills, Book No. 3, pages 380 and 381, Washington County, Pa.

MICHAEL THOMAS, born Jan. 5, 1775, d. July 25, 1862
Agnes

Liverton, m. Anna Wade, 1815 (see below)
Jonathan, b. Feb. 25, 1807 (see below)
Hugh, b. 1899 (see below)
Martha, b. Sept. 25, 1812 (see below)
Michael, b. May 8, 1814 (see below)
Mary (see below)

Michael may have married first a woman named Elizabeth since this is the name given to his wife in Mrs. Burt's DAR papers. He was probably born on his father's farm, (see above), and grew to manhood on this farm. We know that he was married before 1800 since he had set up his own household by the time the federal census was taken in 1800. His family consisted of his wife and two males under age 10.

According to *The History of Wayne County, Ohio*, "... "The first settlement made within its present limits was in 1811 by Michael Thomas with his wife and seven children. He emigrated from Washington County, Pa., and settled upon the southwest quarter of section 33..." We have been able to identify only four of these seven children by name.

Liverton is mentioned in *The History of Wayne County*, "The first marriage was that of Liverton Thomas to Anna Wade by 'Priest' Jones in 1815."

Jonathan, the father of Fletcher (see above), was married to Elizabeth Bacome and they were the parents of 10 children. Enoch and Elizabeth (twins), Salathiel Mark, John Wesley, Fletcher, Clemenza, Angeline, Jonathan, William Henry and Henrietta. Jonathan was a minister in the United Brethern church for about 60 years. Ethel Thomas, (see below), who has gathered much of the information about the Thomas family, states that Bishop N. Castle (see Livengood family at end of book) wrote the following in his introduction to the book mentioned above written by Fletcher Thomas: "Jonathan Thomas... was one of the most distinguished pioneer preachers of Ohio, Indiana, and Southern Michigan. The writer remembers him at the early camp-meetings of over sixty years ago, in the very beginning of things in Northern Indiana. He was a marked figure in his day. He was rather a short, square-built man, with muscles of knotted and braided steel, and a face that told of the invincible, though radiant with expressions of good

will, and brotherly kindness. As a preacher he was far above the average for his early time. His voice was one of his chief endowments. It was an orotund, with great carriage and penetration, and it seemed to answer the purpose of his will without an apparent effort. Although of such great compass and power, it never grated harshly on the ear of the hearer." Fletcher Thomas was also a United Brethern minister and he had three children, Enos, Boyd, and Annis.

Hugh is mentioned in *The History of Butler and Bremer Counties, Iowa*, "He was born in Washington, County, Pa. in 1809. When three years of age he removed to Wayne County, Ohio, with his parents. His parents, Michael and Agnes Thomas, lived in Wayne County about nineteen years, when they removed to Hancock county, where his mother died. His father died in Indiana." It is from this record that we have assumed that Michael's second wife was named Agnes. Hugh was married three times. His first wife was Hannah Williams, whom he married in 1830 and who died in 1866. His second wife was Harriet Frances Crawford, whom he married in 1868 and who died in 1870. Hugh then married Mary Sachett Arkills, who died in 1912. Hugh died near Clarksville, Iowa in 1896. He had nine children, Hiram W., Asenath Samantha, Charles Nelson, Liverton Dixon, Samantha Sarah, Amanda Ann, Albert Hugh, Hannah Matilda, and Harriet R. Amanda Ann was the mother of Birdella Buchholz Kelley whose daughter is Loyce Dryden, to whom we are indebted for the assembling of much of the information about the early Thomas family. Liverton was the father of James Leslie whose son is Howard Thomas, to whom we are also deeply indebted. 1973452

Michael also had a daughter named Mary who was mentioned in her grandmother's will (see above). "I give and bequeath unto nine of my granddaughters and my son William all and singularly my estate equally to be divided among them Viz. William Thomas, Mary Lockwood, Mary Thomas daughter of Edmon, Mary Thomas daughter of Michael, etc..."

Martha is mentioned in *The History of Wayne County*, "Martha, daughter of Michael Thomas, was born Sept. 25, 1812."

Ethel Thomas (see below) remembers a conversation with her father in which he mentioned two other daughters of Michael, Lisbian Bedine (or Bodine) and Sarah, whose husband was named Pete Surfus. This is all we have been able to find on the other members of Michael and Agnes' family.

In *The History of Hancock, Ohio* is found the following: "Michael Thomas and wife, and sons, Liverton, Michael, Hugh, and Jonathan, came here from Wayne County, Ohio, in the spring of 1832. The parents settled on the northwest quarter of Section 3, and Liverton, who was then married, on the southwest quarter of Section 2. The latter was elected justice of the peace at an election held in Washington July 21, 1832. Michael, Sr., and wife died on their farm, Liverton and wife in Fostoria, and Michael, Jr., Hugh and Jonathan removed to Indiana." This record is mistaken when it says that Michael died there because we have proof that he died and was buried in Indiana.

Hugh and Michael, Jr. moved to Alben county, Indiana, between 1846 and 1849 and it is possible that Michael, Sr. moved with them. According to the Cedar Creek Township, Allen County, Indiana, federal census of 1860, he was living in the household of Michael Thomas, Jr., where his occupation is given as that of farmer.

Michael Thomas, Sr. is buried in the Netherline Cemetery, Cedar Creek Twp., Allen county, Indiana. This information was obtained by Howard Thomas from a book entitled "*Burials in Allen County except Ft. Wayne.*" This was compiled by the ladies of the local DAR in the early 1920's taken off tombstones which were readable.

Michael Thomas Senior July 25, 1862

Age 87 years, 6 mo. and 20 days

Ellen Thomas, wife of Michael Thomas

Feb. 22, 1857 Age 66 yrs. and 19 days

Since the wife buried beside Michael, Sr. was named Ellen, it can be assumed that he married a third time sometime between 1846 and 1857. Ellen would have been born Feb. 3, 1781.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM 1630 TO 1880
BY
JOHN H. COVINGTON
BOSTON
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. LEECH & CO., 15 N. STATE ST.
1880

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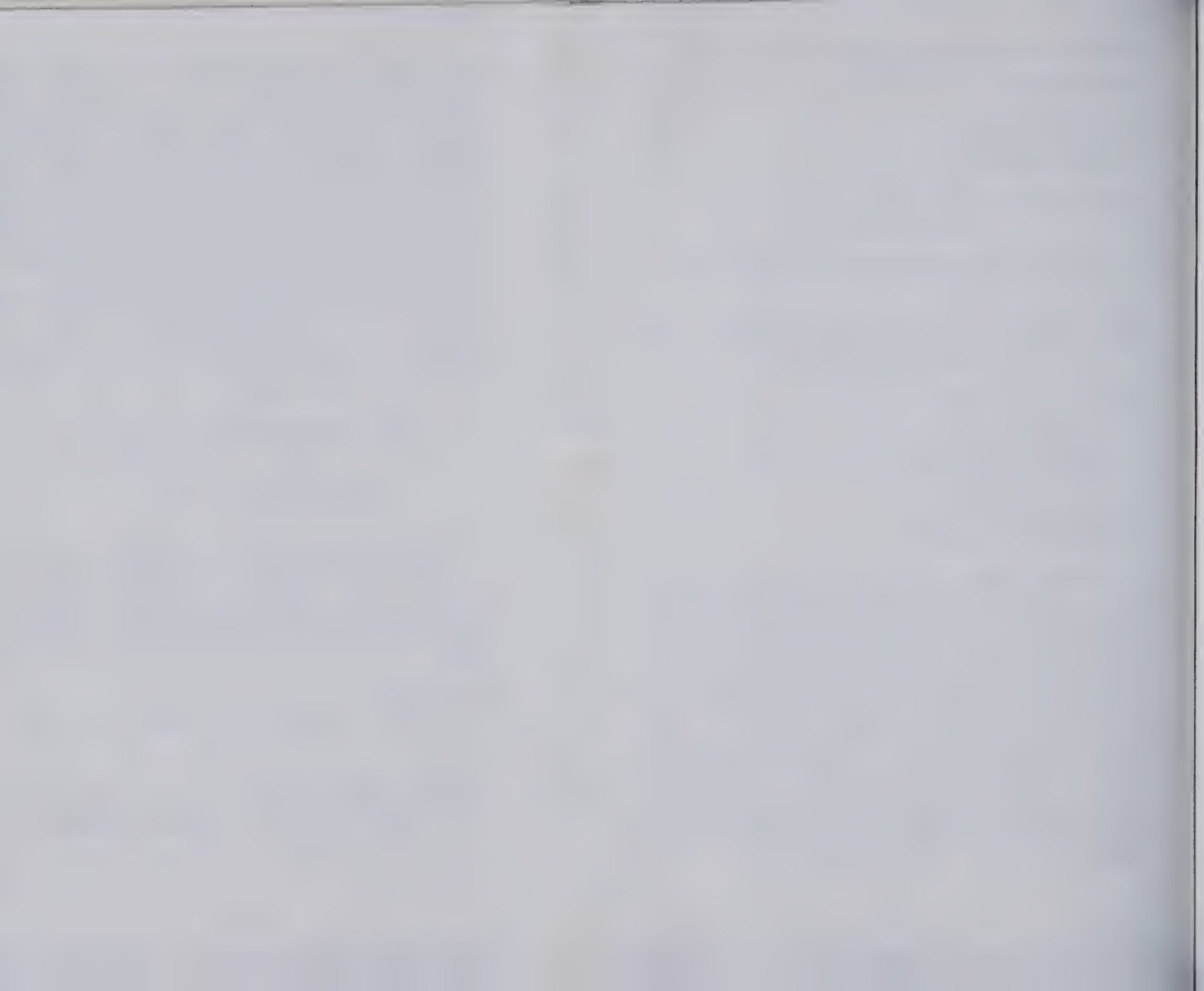
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David fought in the Civil War. Although he is not listed in the 1850 census, he is listed in the 1860 census as living with his father and his father's third wife. After the war he attended college in Greencastle, Indiana, where he was graduated from DePauw University. For a number of years he was superintendent of schools in Wabash, Indiana, before going to Elkhart where he was superintendent for fifteen years. Alton, son of Frost B. Thomas was born in California. He married in Chicago and had one child named Barbara.

WILLIAM SWAYZE THOMAS, b. Nov. 1841

Lavantia Cook, m. at Cedarville, Ind.; d. at Wolf Lake, buried
in Leo Cemetery
There were no children

Celia Clark Rosco - second marriage -, m. May 1894 in Noble
County; d. Oct. 25, 1897, buried in Wolf Lake
Cemetery.

Mamie Thomas, b. 1895; m. at Wolf Lake; d. 1959, buried
in Wolf Lake cemetery

George Hively

Frances Hively Graham

children--Judy Favinger, Ellen and James Graham

Katherine Hively Goff

children--Kenneth and Keith

George Hively

children--Sue, Mary Kay, William and Thomas

JAMES THOMAS, b. 1843

Lanie

Ethel Thomas writes: Uncle James went to California when young. My father, Michael Corwin Thomas, received occasional letters from this older brother, and had a picture of the daughters in Salvation Army uniforms. Aunt Estella's daughter, Hazel Sicks has a picture of Uncle James and Aunt Lanie and their four children, two boys and two girls, Ida and May. She says, 'They were all dressed in Salvation Army uniforms in the picture. May was with Uncle James and wife when they were at Uncle William's. She taught Mamie and me to sing a song in Chinese, "Jesus is a rock in a weary land." I can sing it yet. She also gave us silk handkerchiefs made in China-town.' After Aunt Lottie Paff's death, two of her children, Edna and Ted, spent some time with Uncle James. Ted writes, "I

can remember Uncle James lived in Selma, California. I was there in 1909, but I can't remember about the family." Edna Paff Eluess writes: "I knew only May Thomas, who belonged to the Salvation Army. I lived with her for a year, then I got married and she was sent someplace else. We lost track of each other, and I have no knowledge of where she is or what has happened to her.

MICHAEL CORWIN THOMAS, b. Jan. 13, 1852;

m. Dec. 26, 1878; d. June 7, 1930

Alma Jane Livengood, b. Feb. 6, 1853, d. March 29, 1927
(see also Livengood family)

Edith May, (see below)

Clarence, b. Aug. 8, 1881; d. Oct. 10, 1881

Ethel Estella (see below)

DeWitt Corwin

Florence Lavantia, b. June 24, 1886; d. Feb. 12, 1887

Irving (see below)

Mary Julia (see below)

Lotta Alma (see below)

Ruth Elizabeth (see below)

Esther, b. Sept. 17, 1896; d. Aug. 3, 1897

Michael Corwin Thomas was born at Cedarville, Indiana. He married Alma Jane Livengood at Elkhart, Indiana, on Dec. 26, 1878, in the presence of Michael and Nancy Thomas and of Abram and Mary Livengood.

In the year 1878 they moved to Ellsworth County, Kansas, where during the years 1876-1878 Corwin had proved up on a homestead and built a house and barn, teaching in country schools during the winter months. This quarter section of land was seven miles east and three quarters of mile north of the town of Wilson. All of the children except Ethel were born there. Shortly before her birth her mother had made a visit to her home near Elkhart, Indiana, and Ethel was born there. Edith was, of course, with her mother, and the three returned to the home near Wilson when Ethel was three weeks old. In the spring of 1908 the family moved to a farm six miles east of Manchester, Oklahoma, on the state line between Oklahoma and Kansas. In 1920 Michael Corwin and Alma moved to Winfield, Kansas, where they spent the remainder of their lives. Both Michael Corwin and Alma are buried in the neighborhood

cemetery seven miles east of Wilson and a half mile north,
where the three children who died in infancy lie buried.

Edith May Thomas, b. March 22, 1880 in Ellsworth Co., Kans.
m. June 12, 1907 at Wilson, Kansas
d. Sept. 7, 1961 at Emporia, Kansas

Frank William Schiller, b. Mar. 6, 1884, Green Bay, Wisc.
d. Aug. 28, 1965, Topeka, Kans.

Francis Thomas Schiller

Alma Katherine Schiller

Lotta Ruth Schiller

Francis Thomas Schiller, b. Feb. 5, 1911, Kirwin, Kans.
m. June 12, 1934, Calhoun, Mo.

Frances Marion Finks

William Richard Schiller

Thomas Clifford (Skip) Schiller

William Richard Schiller, b. Jan. 14, 1937 at
Bennett, Colo.

Sandra Jean Kleber, b. Oct. 29, 1939
of Kansas City, Mo.

Julie Ann, b. Jan. 22, 1962 in Chicago, Ill.

Thomas Clifford, b. May 30, 1940, Denver, Colo.

Jacqueline Sue Morgan, b. April 13, 1939
of Westchester, Ill

Alma Katherine Schiller, b. Sept. 4, 1914, Kirwin, Kans.
m. Feb. 20, 1943, Manhattan, Ks.

Alvin Edgar Mulanax, b. April 1, 1912, Denison, Kansas
Roger Louis, b. July 15, 1945 at Hot Springs, Ark.

Lotta Ruth Schiller, b. Dec. 20, 1915, Kirwin, Kans.
m. June 25, 1946, Klamath Falls, Ore.

John Howard Jackson

David Howard Jackson, b. April 2, 1947 at Klamath
Falls, Ore.

Mickael Howard Jackson, b. Aug. 27, 1949 at
Klamath Falls, Ore.

DeWitt Corwin Thomas, b. Nov. 6, 1884, Wilson, Kansas;
m. June 3, 1920, Medford, Okla.
d. March 17, 1959, Enid, Okla.

Mary Daisy Newcomb Elder, b. June 11, 1832
d. April 16, 1964

Edna Earline Elder and James Hoyt Elder were
by Mary Daisy Newcomb Elder's first marriage
Dorothy was only child of DeWitt Thomas and
Mary Daisy Elder

Edna Earline Elder, b. Jan. 21, 1911; m. May, 1925
Howard Woodward, d. April, 1965

Geraldine LaVonne, b. Mar. 10, 1929

Malcolm Howard, b. Nov. 9, 1931

James Hoyt Elder, b. June 5, 1912; m. Sept. 6, 1936
Virgie Viola Pfalser, b. May 15, 1915; m.

Virgil Hoyt, b. Mar. 29, 1939; m. Betty June Elder
Mar. 19, 1966; one child Kelly Dawn

Douglas Jo'e, b. Dec. 30, 1941; m. Nadine Elder
Nov. 18, 1964

Virginia Kay, b. Feb. 15, 1943

Dorothy Thomas, b. June 8, 1921; m. June 3, 1944

Hugh Cozart, b. April 8, 1917

Marcia Ann, b. Nov. 12, 1946

Wayne Dean, b. June 13, 1948.

Irving Thomas, b. May 19, 1888; d. April 8, 1957.

Gladys Brooks, b. Dec. 1, 1886; d. Jan. 6, 1957.

Gladys Marie

Gladys Marie Thomas, b. Mar. 30, 1919; m. Jan. 3, 1960

Leroy Ferguson, b. Dec. 20, 1907; d. May 15, 1965

Charles LeRoy, b. Sept. 23, 1960

Lee Marie Caryen, b. July 20, 1963

Mary Julia Thomas, b. July 13, 1890, Wilson, Kansas
m. Oct. 16, 1912, Wakita, Okla.

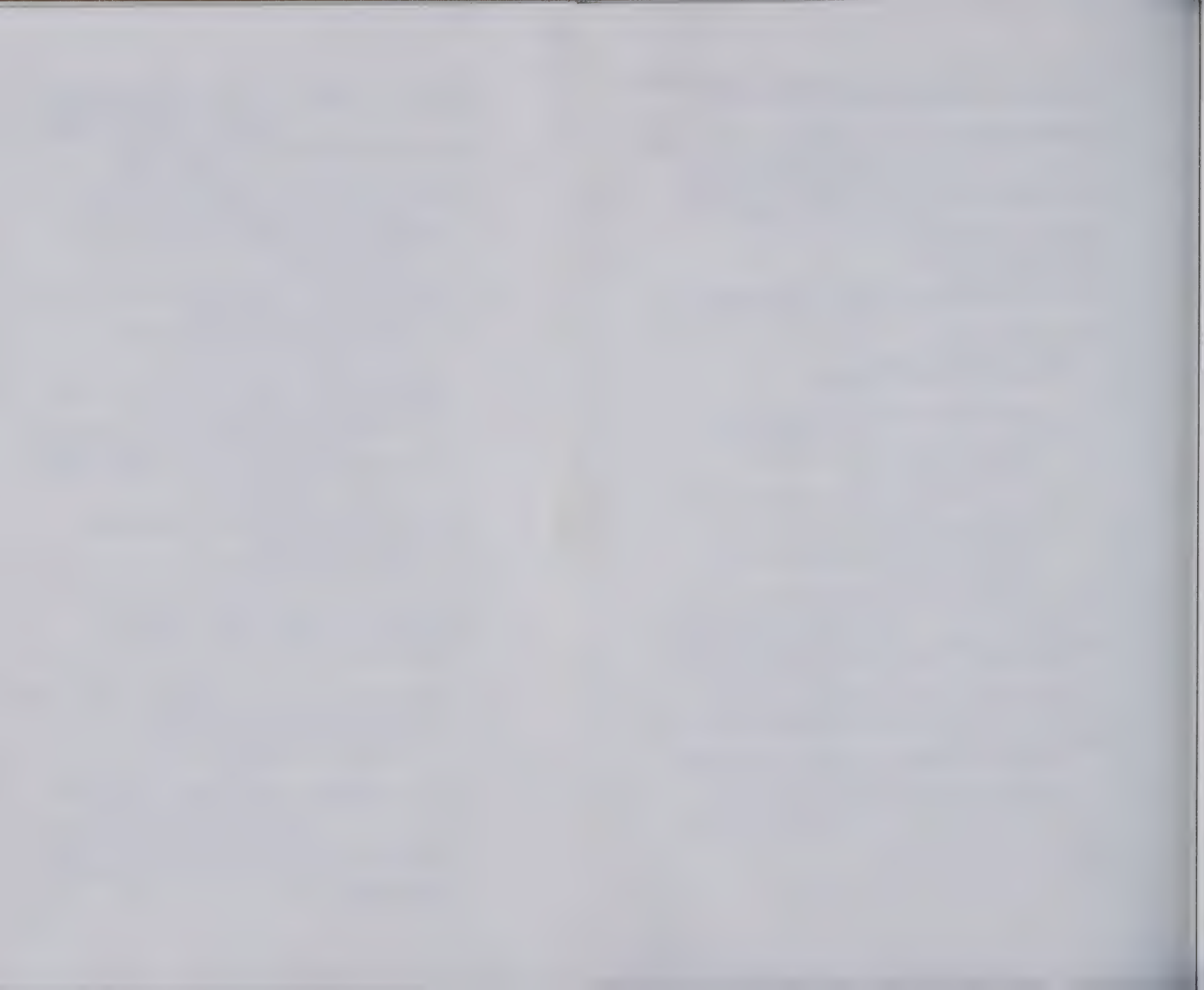
d. May 3, 1962, Lancaster, Calif.

Alvin Samuel Prouse, b. Feb. 14, 1885, Anthony, Kans.

d. Jan. 3, 1929, Los Angeles, Calif.

Winifred May

Thomas Alvin



Winifred May Prouse, b. Aug. 22, 1917, Los Angeles,
m. Nov. 9, 1935, Liberty, Mo.
Robert Sidney Jensen, b. Sept. 12, 1914, Sheboygan, Wisc.
Judith Ann

Winifred was later divorced and on October 5, 1946 married
Thorald Etzel Gilliland in Kailua, Territory of Hawaii.

Judith Ann Jensen, b. June 2, 1939, Enid, Okla.
m. July 3, 1958, Canoga Park,
California

Dan Fowler Paulsen,

Gil Fowler Paulsen, b. Jan. 13, 1960, Lompoc,
Calif.

Kelley Joel Paulsen, b. Dec. 27, 1961, Lompoc.

Thomas Alvin Prouse, b. Mar. 2, 1921, Alhambra, Calif.
m. May 22, 1957

Francis Maxine Payton

Vickie Helen, b. Nov. 10, 1958, LaJolla, Calif.

Lotta Alma Thomas, b. Oct. 6, 1892, Wilson, Kans.
m. June 2, 1921, Harper, Kans.
d. June 9, 1944, Winfield, Kans.

Charles Lime, b. July 16, 1895, Carthage, Mo.
d. July 11, 1951, Winfield, Kans.

Ruth Elizabeth

Ella Jean

Kathryn Alma

Ruth Elizabeth Lime, b. Jan. 18, 1924, Danville, Kans.
m. April 25, 1944, Miami, Okla.

Duane E. Walker

Ronald Duane, b. April 4, 1945, Winfield, Kans.

Carol Jean, b. Jan. 13, 1948, Rockledge, Fla.

Kathryn Suzanne, b. Jan. 18, 1949, Lawrence, Kans.

Ruth Elizabeth Lime was divorced from Duane E. Walker
and later married Leo A. Braun. From this marriage two
children were born:

Richard Lee, b. Nov. 17, 1956, Wichita, Kans.

Les Alvin, b. April 16, 1959, Wichita, Kans.

Ronald Duane Walker, m. Sept. 11, 1962, Ft. Polk,
La. Chapel

Michele Wells, b. Sept. 24, 1944, Wichita

Ronald Duane Walker, Jr., b. Jan. 31, 1963 in
Wichita, Kans.

Richard Lee Walker, b. June 11, 1964 at
Ft. Rucker, Alabama

Carol Jean Walker, m. May 6, 1966 in San Antonio,
Texas.

David Ogden.

Ella Jean Lime, b. Aug. 24, 1925, Harper, Kans;
m. Aug. 24, 1941

Lyle Fredrick Clark

Lyle Fredrick, b. Nov. 19, 1943, Winfield, Kansas;
Wife's name is Donna

Ursula Josephine, b. Oct. 5, 1944, Winfield, Kans;
Married Bert Kindred

Ella Jean Lime Clark later was divorced and married
Harold Nazworthy, b. Aug. 30, 1925, Vinita, Okla;
m. June 17, 1952

Kathryn Alma Lime, b. Oct. 10, 1926, Danville, Kans.;
m. Feb. 20, 1944, Winfield, Kans.

Leonard John Grzemkowski

Larry Leonard, b. Dec. 10, 1944, Winfield, Kans.;
Patricia Ann, b. June 7, 1953, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Ruth Elizabeth Thomas, b. May 10, 1894, Wilson, Kans.;
m. Dec. 26, 1919, Anthony, Ks.;
d. April 12, 1934, Silver Spring, Md.

Charles Ranger Enlow, b. June 28, 1893, Spivey, Kans.;

Barbara Ruth

Robert Edward

Marcia

Barbara Ruth Enlow, b. Mar. 26, 1921, Ft. Collins, Colo.
m. April 5, 1945, Silver Spring, Md.

Charles Edgar Henshall

Charles Austin Henshall, b. Feb. 13, 1951, Kansas
City, Kansas

Patricia Elizabeth Henshall, b. July 28, 1954,
Kansas City, Mo.



Robert Edward Enlow, b. Aug. 19, 1923, Abilene, Kans.;
m. July 31, 1946, Mahtomedi, Minn.

Helen Lois Thompson

Constance Lois, b. Oct. 9, 1947, St. Paul, Minn.

Thomas Charles, b. Nov. 23, 1949, Battle Creek, Mich.

Shelley Thana, b. July 23, 1958, Jackson, Miss.

Marcia Ann Enlow, b. July 21, 1931, Tacoma Park, Md.;
m. Aug. 14, 1956.

Paul Lawrence Berg, b. Aug. 12, 1931, Casper, Wyoming

Sara Theresa Kimberly, b. April 14, 1957, Boston, Mass.

Kristian Joseph Lars, b. Nov. 23, 1958, Cambridge,
Mass.

Sigrid Eva Marie, b. June 10, 1960, Benson, Minn.

John Benedict Dekoven, b. April 2, 1964, Grand Rapids,
Minn.

Solveig Clair Elizabeth, b. Dec. 11, 1966,
Grand Rapids, Minn.

ORILLA JENNIE THOMAS, b. 1853, Cedarville, Ind.

m. in Cedarville, Ind.

d. Nov. 26, 1895, Parsons, Kans.

Louis DeFay Potter, b. 1851, Niles, Michigan

d. Dec. 21, 1902, Pueblo, Colorado

Clyde DeFay, b. Sept. 8, 1880; m. May 28, 1905

Elva Jane

Edna Thomaselle

Vida Estelle

Luther DeWitt

Laura, died in infancy

Clyde DeFay, m. May 28, 1905

Elsie May McClelland

Helen Fay Potter

Martin Luther Potter

Helen Fay Potter, b. Mar. 8, 1906, Steilacoom,

Wash.; m. Feb. 19, 1938

Joseph Kenneth Hore, Jr., b. Mar. 21, 1903,

Bute, Mont.

There were no children

Martin Luther Potter, b. Nov. 8, 1913, Tacoma,
Wash.; m. June 20, 1940, Tacoma.

Anne Paddleford

John Martin, b. Dec. 30, 1942

Ruth Anne, b. Nov. 9, 1944

Jane Elizabeth, b. Nov. 4, 1947

Elva Jane Potter married Herbert Foster,
Lived in Pueblo, Colorado

Edna Potter married Mr. Crum
Lived in Illinois

Vida Potter married Tom Speakman,
Lived in Pueblo, Colorado

Luther DeWitt Potter married Elizabeth Guenser; children:
Laura, b. 1921, married Dr. T. McLaughlin in 1945;
3 children: Michael, Sheila and Brian
Allen R., b. in 1924, married Mary Lou Braun in 1961,
one child: Susan.

FREMONT J. THOMAS, b. 1855, Cedarville, Ind.

m. 1880, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

d. 1919, buried in Greenhill Ceme-
tery, Muskogee, Oklahoma

Elizabeth (Bess) Kuenzi, b. Feb. 14, 1855 in Indiana
d. July 11, 1946, buried in Green-
hill Cemetery, Muskogee, Okla.

Bernice Elizabeth

Clarence Fremont

Bernice Elizabeth Thomas, b. April 25, 1884, Ft. Wayne,
Ind.; m. Sept. 9, 1909 in
Sallisaw, Okla.;
d. Jan. 3, 1960, Muskogee, Okla.

Charles Madison Whaley

Mary Jacqueline, b. Aug. 14, 1915 at Muskogee, Okla.

Married B. M. Carnes at Muskogee, Aug. 18, 1957.

Charla Berenice, b. Feb. 22, 1918. Married Charles

Buell Mayes, Jr. at Muskogee, Feb. 4, 1950.

3 children: Charles B., b. Nov. 27, 1950

Nancy Carroll, b. July 13, 1955

Cherry Jean, b. Aug. 2, 1957



Clarence Fremont Thomas, b. April 25, 1889, Pueblo, Colo.
m. in 1912
d. in 1958

Ruby Hunter

Clarence F., Jr., b. 1917; married but had no children

Genevieve Clarissa, b. Dec. 27, 1915 at Muskogee;

Married Charles Herzog in 1935. They had 3 children:

Charles, Jr., b. 1936; married and has 2 children

Ruby Gwendolyn, b. 1939; married Richard Horn
and has 3 children

Jenny Wren, b. 1950

Ruby Gwendolyn, b. Dec. 27, 1915; married Larry

Barnickel and has 4 children.

Jere Hunter, b. 1919 or 1920; married June Webber and
has two children

Betty Sue, b. Sept. 1927; married Nick Spotts

Paul Eugene, b. 1929; married Marcella Wynn and had
3 children

Dale Hunter, b. 1931; married Virginia; had one child

ESTELLA ELIZABETH THOMAS, b. April 10, 1859, Cedarville,
Allen County, Ind.; d. March 1941, Nappa-
nee, Ind.; buried, WolfLake, Ind.

Joel D. Foster, b. 1851, Antwerp, Ohio; d. 1896, Sheridan,
Ark.; buried, Sheridan, Ark.

Hazel

Ruth

Gladys

Lucile

Clarence

Hazel Foster, b. Aug. 15, 1890; married May 16, 1918

Larsh Sittler, d. Dec. 23, 1956; 6 children:

Mary Lou, b. Feb. 7, 1919; married Walter McAdams;
two children:

Mary Ann, b. Jan. 17, 1944; married Marvin McClain
and had two children, Mike and Debbie

Barbara, b. Dec. 3, 1945; married Francis Naylor
and had two children, Charles Robert and
Gregory.

Mary Lou was later divorced and married Charles
Caldwell who had one daughter, Susan

Elizabeth, b. Jan. 19, 1921; married John Birden in
1943; four children:

Gail, b. Dec. 14, 1946

Larsh, b. Feb. 5, 1949

Leslie, b. April 3, 1954

Lisa, b. Nov. 2, 1956

Patricia Gail, b. Sept. 14, 1922; d. Sept. 16, 1922

Eva Joan, b. Feb. 21, 1924; married Donald Hill
Oct. 30, 1942; 6 children:

Sharon Patricia, married Bob Mitchem; one
daughter, Katrina Marie

Damon

Richard

David

Alan

Denise

Claire, b. Jan. 25, 1926; married A. J. Hessel
in 1946; four children:

David, b. Dec. 27, 1947

Mark, b. Jan. 14, 1949

Diane, b. April 24, 1950

Patrice, b. Oct. 29, 1955.

Lucile, b. April 21, 1929; married John Forbes
in June 1947; d. June 8, 1966; 7 children:

Teresa, b. Aug. 4, 1948

Cassandra, b. Oct. 20, 1949

Jan, b. Dec. 5, 1950

Perry, b. June 9, 1952

Romana, b. Jan. 22, 1954

Abbie, b. July 8, 1956

Lynn, b. Dec. 30, 1960

After Larsh Sittler's death, Hazel Foster Sittler married
Clarence E. Sicks on March 2, 1963 at Silver Lake, Ind.

Nancy Ruth Foster, b. June 5, 1893, Sheridan, Ark.
m. July 5, 1916, Kimmell, Ind.

Hubert H. Hockert

David Hugh, b. July 29, 1917, Millersburg, Ind.;

Married Jeanette Richmond, Nov. 1937.
3 children:

Fred, married Linda Stump, 1956; 2 children,
Brad and Beth Ann.

Steven, married Cathy Mitchel, 1963; 2 children,
Tad and Lynlee

Candace

J. Richard, b. June 20, 1919 at Goshen, Ind.;
married Jeanne Mischler in Nappanee,
Ind., Nov. 1942; one child:

John William, b. Nov. 13, 1946

Jeffrey Foster, b. June 1, 1927; married Carolyn
Rohrer, June 1954

Gladys Foster, b. March 3, 1883, Allen County, Ind.;
d. May 1940, Osceola, Elkhart Co.,
Indiana; buried, Kimmell, Ind.

Mr. Ernheart

Lucile Foster, b. July 8, 1884, Allen County, Ind.;
m. May 1907; d. June 8, 1966;
buried, Brimfield, Ohio

Alva Woodward, d. March 1957.

Clarence H. Foster, b. Nov. 9, 1887

Lurla Holston

Maurice (now deceased)

Dick

Clarence later divorced Lurla Holston and remarried:

Lou Green, d. 1956

Doyle, b. 1924

After Lou's death, Clarence married Arlene

EMMA VICTORIA THOMAS, b. 1826, Cedarville, Ind.;

m. Sept. 29, 1883, Cedarville, Ind.;

d. Jan. 1931, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; buried

Lindenwood Cemetary, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Theodore Hale Ashley, b. June 3, 1859, Antwerp, Ohio;

d. June 1946, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; buried

Lindenwood Cemetary, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Dwight Hale

Ralph Thomas

William Raymond

Esther Edith

Kenneth David

Dwight Hale Ashley, b. Oct. 2, 1884, Ft. Wayne, Ind.;
m. in Delta, Colo.

Ruth K. Herrick, b. in Wabash, Ind.

William

Horace

David

Roger

Ralph Thomas Ashley, b. Jan. 10, 1886, Ft. Wayne;
m. in Chickasha, Okla.
d. June 9, 1966; buried, Tucson,
Arizona

Grace C

Marian Wright

Ralph, Jr.

Clifford

William Raymond Ashley, b. July 27, 1888, Ft. Wayne,
Ind.; m. in Chicago, Ill.

Alice A, deceased

Mrs. Jean Hall

Kenneth

Esther Edith Ashley, b. Mar. 14, 1891, Ft. Wayne, Ind.;
m. in Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Gerald Hawk

Gerald, Jr.

Ashley

Kenneth David, b. Oct. 7, 1892, Ft. Wayne, Ind.;
m. Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Bertha Brown

Elenora

Clare

LOTTIE THOMAS, b. May 7, 1863, Cedarville, Ind.;

m. Oct. 23, 1884, Cedarville, Ind.;

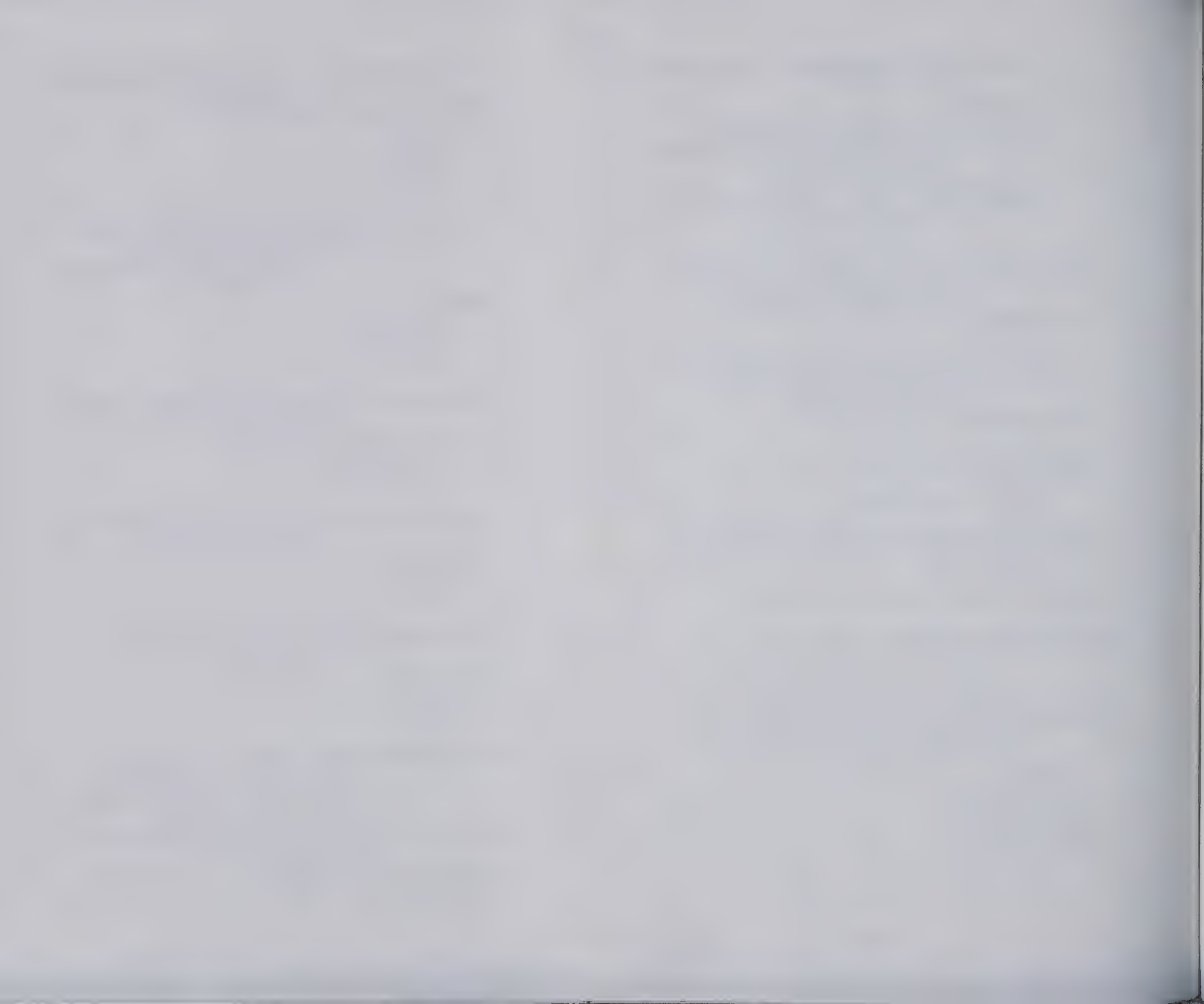
d. Jan. 19, 1893, Santa Anna, Calif.;

buried, Santa Anna, Calif.

Ellsworth Daniel Paff, d. Dec. 18, 1915, Cedarville, Ind.;
buried, Leo, Indiana

Edna Lottie, b. Oct. 5, 1885

Edwin E., b. Feb. 13, 1888



Lyell C., b. May 10, 1890
Rosamond, b. May 24, 1892; d. Nov. 18, 1892.

Edna Lottie Paff, b. Oct. 5, 1885; m. Feb. 16, 1911
Merton Edwin Elwess, d. June 12, 1952

Juanita Miriam
Climo Grace
Virginia Ruth

Juanita Miriam Paff, b. June 15, 1912, Los
Angeles, Calif.

Roy Kiaer

Norma Dean, b. Dec. 13, Oakland, Calif.; married
Shelby; 5 children: Debbie Dean, Joe
Rodger Shelby, Scott Allen Shelby,
Kent Shelby, Carlene Ann Shelby
Melinda Sue Kiaer, b. May 22, Berkeley, Calif.

Climo Grace Elwess, b. July 28, 1915, Los Angeles,
Calif.; m. June 21, Oakland, Calif.

Ralph McQueen, b. May 7, San Francisco
Frances Dian McQueen, b. June 21, 1942, Oakland,
Calif.

Ralph Thomas McQueen, b. May 7, San Francisco,
Calif.

Virginia Ruth Elwess, b. May 5, 1921, Santa Monica,
Calif.

Danceled Pedersen, b. March 27, Oakland, Calif.
Carol Ann, b. March 27, 1942, Oakland, Calif.

Edwin E. Paff, b. Feb. 13, 1888; m. Sept. 7, 1911
Emma Irene

Edna Mae, b. May 8, 1915, m. Oct. 18, 1935

Howard J. Fosnight, b. July

Wallace J., b. Nov. 8, 1938; m. Aug. 30, 1959
to Joan Moore, b. Mar. 17, 1937; one child
Wendy Jo, b. Oct. 27, 1964.

Marcia K. Fosnight, b. Jan. 1, 1942; m. Feb.
13, 1960 to Barney Bell, b. May 14, 1941;
3 children, Kevin J., b. Dec. 29, 1960;
Kephenie, b. Aug. 30, 1959; Kory Edwin, b.
Sept. 12,

Lyell C. Paff, b. May 10, 1890; m. Dec. 1, 1914.

Cristina Sauder, b. Oct. 15, 1891; m. Cedarville, Ind.

Howard E. Paff

Wayne J. Paff

Doris E. Paff

Howard E. Paff, b. Mar. 12, 1921; m. Dec. 31, 1941

Edella Peters, b. Jan. 16, 1921

Orinda Paff, b. Dec. 8, 1946; m. Nov. 27, 1965 to
Paul Vinson, b. May 5, 1946

Wayne J. Paff, b. Jan. 20, 1923; M. Oct. 5, 1946.

Florine Coles, b. Jan. 7, 1926

Michael Paff, b. Oct. 12, 1950

Rae L. Paff, b. April 15, 1953

Kim R. Paff, b. Aug. 24, 1957

Doris E. Paff, b. Nov. 7, 1924; m. Jan. 28, 1944

Drayton Spencer, b. April 6, 1923

Linden Spencer, b. Jan. 26, 1946; m. Oct. 12, 1963
to James Kirkman, b. Aug. 19, 1947.

Larry L. Spencer, b. Jan. 9, 1947.

CLARENCE RILEY THOMAS, b. July 5, 1865, Cedarville, Ind.;
m. Nov. 28, 1895, Leo, Ind.; d. Jan. 11, 1955,
Fenton, Mich.; buried, Leo, Indiana.

Mary Florence McCormick, b. June 1, 1861, Leo, Ind.; m. Nov.
28, 1895, Leo, Ind.; d. March 30, 1942,
Orland, Indiana; buried, Leo, Ind.

Ruth Florence Thomas

Grace Lillian

Gard Clarence

Ruth Florence Thomas, b. Oct. 25, 1896, Woodburn, Ind.
Mr. Calloway

George Dean Calloway, b. Jan. 28, 1932 at Millgrove,
Steuben Co. Indiana; m. Lurene May Penix on May
11, 1953 at Angola, Indiana; 5 children:

George Dean Calloway, b. May 11, 1953, Angola, Ind
Randy Allen Calloway, b. May 29, 1955, Angola
Kenneth Lynn Calloway, b. Nov. 21, 1956, Angola
Stephen Eric Calloway, b. July 2, 1958, Lodi,
Medina Co., Ohio

Jeffrey Leo Calloway, b. Sept. 13, 1960, Angola

Grace Lillian Thomas, b. Feb. 1, 1899; m. Oct. 23, 1927.
 Marion M. Jackman, d. March 30, 1935, Pontiac, Mich.
 Miles Thomas, b. Nov. 20, 1930; unmarried
 Richard Clare, b. Aug. 9, 1935; married Catherine
 Holz, Jan. 1966
 Mary Elizabeth, b. Oct. 22, 1937, married Richard
 William Dingler, b. June 18, 1960.
 David Alan, b. April 10, 1961
 Jeffrey Scott, b. Nov. 23, 1962
 Michael Paul, b. Nov. 20, 1966

Gard Clarence Thomas, b. July 8, 1902, Woodburn, Ind.;
 m. Jan. 31,
 Elizabeth May Jackman
 Helen Meriam, b. July 18, 1923, Orland, Ind.;
 m. Carl Raymond Carlock; 3 children:
 Roger Thomas, b. Dec. 13, 1944
 Richard Ellsworth, B. Aug. 23, 1947
 David Lee, b. May 7, 1951
 Lillian Lucile Thomas, b. Feb. 5, 1925; m. William
 W. Marshall; 4 children:
 Joanne, b. Oct. 21, 1952
 Timothy, b. Aug. 9, 1954
 Paul, b. March 12, 1959
 Bonnie Jay, b. Oct. 20, 1964
 Ruth Leone Thomas, b. Nov. 18, 1930, Milford, Mich.;
 Silvia Anne Thomas, b. Sept. 17, 1937, Milford, Mich.;
 m. Robert Kimbal; 2 children:
 Kennie Tywn, b. Mar. 29, 1959
 Dick William, b. July 29, 1966.

EVELYN MARY THOMAS, b. Sept. 17, 1872, Cedarville, Ind.;
 d. Nov. 28, 1925, Leo, Ind.
 Ellsworth Daniel Paff, b. Cedarville, Ind.; d. Dec. 18, 1915,
 Cedarville, Ind.; Buried, Leo, Ind.
 Alfred, d. 1915
 Wilfred Earnest, b. May 1, 1903, Cedarville, Ind.
 Dorothy May, b. May 23, 1905, Cedarville, Ind.
 Marjory Paff, b. April 13, 1907, Indiana; m. Howard Ells-
 bury in 1927; d. 1928, Connersville, Ind.
 Dana Winfield, b. Sept. 18, 1913, Cedarville, Ind.

Wilfred Earnest Paff, m. July 21, 1926, Coldwater, Mich.
 Sarah Louise Smith
 Joyce Lenore, b. June 20, 1932, Coldwater, Mich.

Dana Winfield, m. Jan. 19, 1935, Coldwater, Mich.
 Lillian May Bogart, b. Nov. 15, 1918; 6 children:
 Orlo Ray, b. Dec. 3, 1936; m. in Coldwater, Mich.
 June 7, 1958 to Barbara Ann Mitchell,
 b. June 6, 1940.; 4 children
 Andrew Dana, b. March 14, 1959, Newport Beach,
 Calif.
 Aaron Ray, b. July 3, 1960, Newport Beach, Calif.
 Karen Lianne, b. Jan. 23, 1962, Newport Beach
 Michael Damon, b. May 28, 1964, Newport Beach
 Lyell Duane, b. May 28, 1938, Sturgis, Mich.;
 m. Mar. 27, 1960 to Ethel Ann Cripps,
 b. June 3, Santa Ana, Calif.; 3 children
 Marjorie Alice, b. March 8, 1961, Anakein, Calif.
 Jeffery Duane, b. Jan. 1, 1963, Anakein, Calif.
 Cathie Marie, b. Oct. 5, 1965, Canyonville, Ore.
 Arden Winfield Paff, b. July 25, 1940, Coldwater,
 Mich.; m. March 23, 1963 to Joanne
 Cameron, b. Aug. 30, 1945, Santa Ana,
 Calif.; one child
 Adam Dean, b. Oct. 23, 1963, Newport Beach, Calif.
 A 2nd child expected
 Sharon Kay Paff, b. Oct. 24, 1944, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Shirley May Paff, b. Sept. 20, 1954, Kalamazoo, Mich.
 Edwin Lee Paff, b. Aug. 22, 1957, Newport Beach,
 California

Recent Notes on the Thomas Family

Ruth Schiller and Barbara Henshall both wrote interesting bits about themselves when they sent in the reports for their families. Knowing how much such up-to-date information would mean to all the cousins, I asked permission to use for similar statements, material already received in letters. So beginning with sister Edith's family, here are the messages.

FRANCIS THOMAS SCHILLER
Rt. 3, 1613 Richmond Drive
Pleasant Hill, Missouri

Here at Pleasant Hill, Mo., Frankie is teaching 4 classes of sophomore English and 2 of senior Literature. I am not now in the lumber yard but am driving a school bus and doing some painting. Bill is taking out a year in his residency (in medicine) to experiment with dogs and teach 2 classes, one in surgery and one in anatomy at North Western Medical School, getting his Master's degree this year at their expense.

Skip is an artist and teaches in Antioch, Jr. High in Kansas City North. He is working on his Master's in Fine Arts, studying both in Kansas City and the University of Kansas. His wife Jackie teaches 4th grade in an Antioch grade school.

ALMA KATHERINE SCHILLER MULANAX
2222 College Heights Road
Manhattan, Kansas

We have lived in Manhattan, Kansas for nineteen years. My husband is a professor at Kansas State University teaching in the School of Commerce.

Our son, Roger, is a Junior at K. State majoring in Architectural Design. He has been a member of the National Guard for over three years and now has the rank of Sergeant. He calls his two-week summer camp his vacation.

I am a registered nurse and have been on the staff at the Student Health Clinic on the campus for seven years.

LOTTA RUTH SCHILLER JACKSON
914 Saline
Topeka, Kansas

David is a sophomore at Kansas State University and during the school year is living at 1200 Centennial Drive, Manhattan, Kansas. Mike is a senior at Topeka High School. It is probably known that I graduated from Fort Hays Kansas State College in 1936 with a B.S. in Education, that I taught school for five years and am presently an 18-year employ at The Menninger Foundation as a medical secretary.

DOROTHY MARY THOMAS COZART
Route 2
Waukomis, Oklahoma

For the past 20 years Hugh and I have lived on a farm southwest of Waukomis, Oklahoma. I have taught high school English for the last ten years, and am presently teaching in Enid, Oklahoma. During this time I also received my master's degree in English from Oklahoma State University. Our two children, Marcia and Wayne are both students at Oklahoma State. Marcia a junior, spent six weeks last summer at the Ecumenical Institute in Chicago. Wayne, a freshman, is presently serving on a national planning committee for the University Christian Move-

GLADYS MARIE THOMAS FERGUSON
Wakita, Oklahoma.

When you come, you will find me with Charles LeRoy and Lee Caryen waiting for you. We seldom go farther from home than to the Brooks farm, although we did go at the end of July this year for three happy days with Aunt Ethel in the Schiller home in Lebo, Kansas. Come when you can.

WINIFRED PROUSE GILLAND
10800 Dale Ave. 125
Stanton, Calif.

Married life for Gill and me began with four years of living in the Hawaiian Islands, two of which were on a 37 foot double-ended Tahiti Ketch, with me chronically seasick. When we

returned to the States, we moved into a charming old barn of a house built on the side of a hill – two flights to get there – then three levels once you were inside, a living room with large picture windows on three sides, each with its own spectacular view, and out our back door, hilly country with good deer hunting as Tom could tell you. It was here that Gill began his career with North American Aviation, where he has been now for over 15 years, and here that Judy married a charming southern boy, originally from Minnesota. Gill went into North American Field Service Division, and I can count more than a dozen places where we have lived for some time, one of them in Oklahoma where we had hoped to see many of you, but were suddenly called back to California where we now live. We are able to slip away frequently to the Paulsens with our six year old grandson Gill and a charming little pixie 4 year old grand daughter, Kelly. Grandpa Gill is presently working on the "moon shot" and teaching Astronauts some of the various phases of the North American engines which will get them there and pull them into orbit. The rest is "classified information" that I don't know myself. At any rate it is most interesting, and Gill loves it, which is very important. When the Apollo shot goes off after the first of the year, think of us. If any of you are in California, we have plenty of room and would like to see you.

THOMAS ALVIN PROUSE
211 S. Nevada
Oceanside, Calif.

"A House by Prouse" was the card that came in a letter from Tom a number of years ago. Recently he writes of his little daughter: Vickie was born with crippling birth defects, spinal bifida. After four operations she is able to walk with braces and crutches, and is now in public school. I get up early to help get her ready. Frances takes her to school and picks her up, and now I am a school teacher. But the methods are different than when I was in 2nd grade. Having missed schooling before, she is behind, but is catching up fast.

RUTH LIME BRAUN
6923 Tallahassee
San Antonio, Texas

The last few years have found me teaching in the grades here in San Antonio, Texas, while my husband, Leo Braun, and my son, Ronald Walker, both of the U. S. Navy, are, or have been in Viet Nam. Ronald has now returned, happy to be again with his wife and little daughter.

JEAN LIME NAZWORTHY
2138 N. Delaware
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Jean was ill in the fall, so ill that she called her Aunt Ethel to spend a week in their home. She was on her way to recovery then, and since has made steady improvement. Her calls by telephone are heartening. In her last she said, "I am working now", then added, "here at home."

KATHRYN LIME GRZEMKOWSKI
Leonard's Gift and Jewelry Shop
Waterloo, Wisconsin

Kathryn has given names and dates, but no one of you has been in her home as I have, or had a visit from the family as we did here in the Schiller home a few years ago. You do not know her fine husband, Leonard, a member of a family of watch makers. Leonard and Kathryn were living in Milwaukee when I visited them when the children were small. Kathryn told me then that they were about to become members of a nearby Presbyterian church. They were living in the delightful town of Waterloo, not far from Madison when I made my second visit. "We're Methodists now." Leonard informed me, and the size of the town explained why. Kathryn writes in her letter that Larry is now a senior in the Wisconsin State University at Whitewater and that Patricia is in the 8th grade, a busy little bee. I wish you knew her.

BARBARA RUTH ENLOW HENSHALL

101 N. Kansas
Chanute, Kansas

Barbara graduated from K-State in 1942; was in the WAAC for a few months; met Charley in Virginia. He is an attorney graduated from K. U. Law School in 1940. We have lived in Chanute for 20 years.

Pat is in Jr. High. She's a very good student and has won a medal in the science fair the last two years and is an avid reader, as is her mother. Charles is in Sr. High. He went to St. James in Faribault, Minnesota and Western Military Academy in Alton, Illinois, but will be home this year.

We are all confirmed in the Episcopal Church as is Bob and his family.

ROBERT EDWARD ENLOW

2002 Rockwood Road
Silver Spring, Maryland

Connie is a sophomore at the University of Maryland, studying art. Tom is a senior in high school and has a part time job with a home builder, full time in the summer. Shelley is in the 3rd grade and divides her time between her playmates and her Dalmation pups.

My good wife works next door at the jr. high as a nurse's aid and thoroughly enjoys the work and the children. Yours truly works for the Dept. of Agriculture as an editor. My section puts out Farmer's Bulletins, Home and Garden Bulletins and various miscellaneous publications.

MARCIA ENLOW BERG

Box 422
Grand Rapids, Minn.

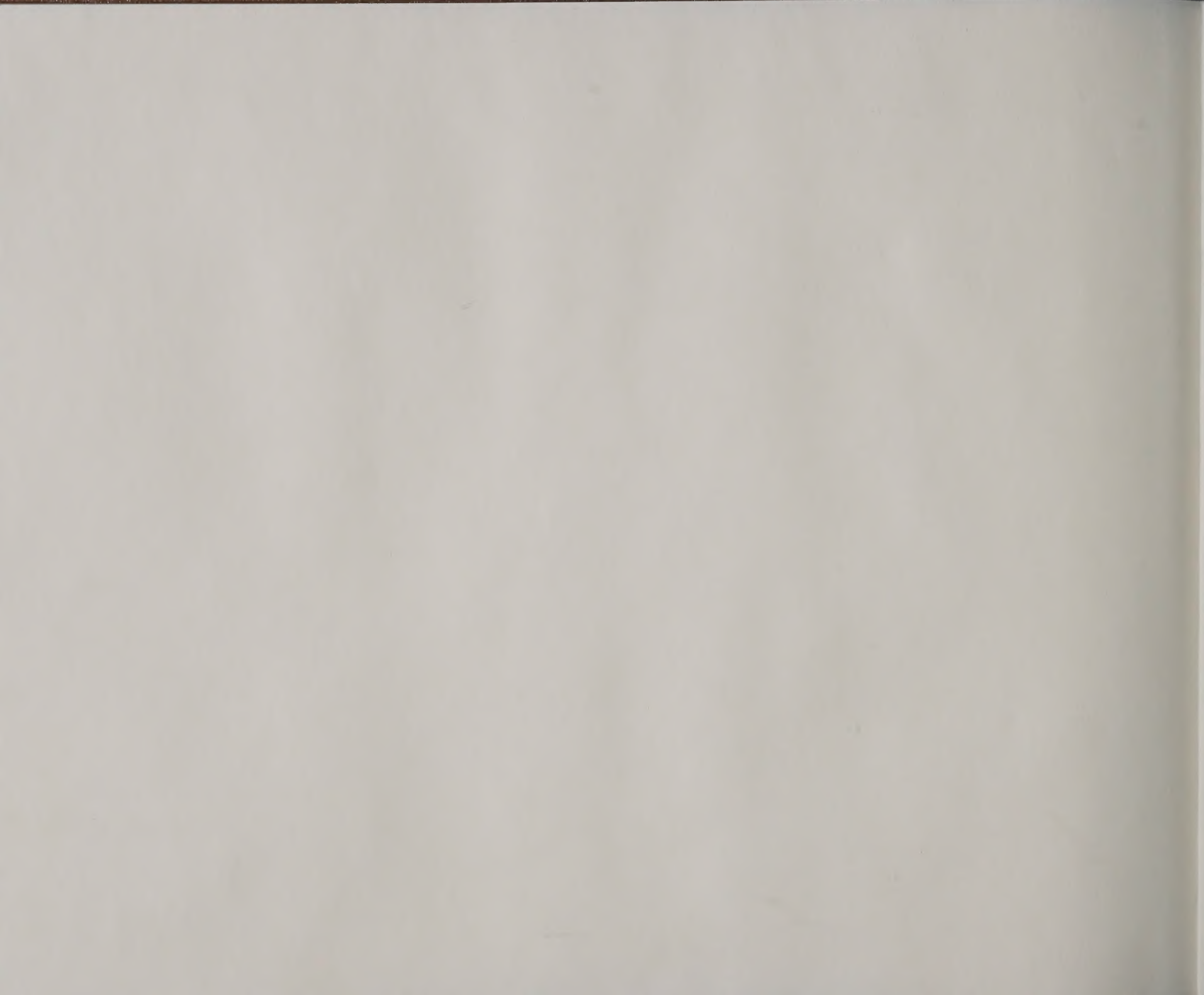
Below I send what Marcia has written for the recent notes asking for up-to-date information from the cousins of the Michael and Alma Livengood Thomas family.

"Father Paul Berg studied at St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minn. and later at the Royal Library in Copenhagen, Denmark. He then studied for a year at the University of Gottingen in

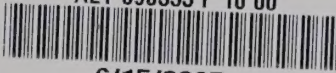
Germany. He was graduated from Seminary and the University of Minnesota, and later from the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Cambridge, Mass. in June, 1959, having spent four years in study there. Since then he has been vicar in Benson, Minn., with time given also to Morris and Appleton during the three and a half years there. Father Paul is now rector in Grand Rapids, Minnesota."

It may seem to you that Marcia has written of her husband rather than of herself, yet that is not true for their lives are bound together in one life of Christian devotion. Marcia, herself, a graduate nurse finds innumerable ways in which to supplement the work of her husband. The four days in May that I spent with this delightful family will always stand out in my memory.







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